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BY EVERETT McNEIL.

WHEN I was a boy there was one story which my sisters and brothers and I were never tired of hearing mother tell; for our own mother was its heroine and the scene of the thrilling chase was not more than a mile and a half from our own door. Indeed, we often went coasting on the very hill down which she took her fearful ride, and skated on the pond which was the scene of her adventure. I can still distinctly remember how, when the long winter evenings came and the snow lay deep on the ground and the wind whistled stormily without, we children would gather around the great sheet-iron stove in the sitting-room of the old farm-house and beg mother to tell us stories of the perils and hardships of her pioneer days; and how, invariably, before the evening was over some one of us would ask: "Now, mother, please do tell us, just once more, how you escaped from the wolves, when a girl, by coasting down Peek's Hill."

Mother would pause in her knitting, and, with a smile, declare that she had already told

us the story "forty-eleven times"; but, just to please so attentive an audience, she would tell it even once more. Then, while we children crowded closer around her chair, she would resume her knitting and begin:

"When your grandfather settled in this part of Wisconsin I was a little girl thirteen years old. We moved into the log house father had prepared for us early in the spring, and by fall we had things fixed quite comfortable. The winter which followed was one of unusual severity. The snow fell, early in November, to the depth of three feet on the level; and the greater part of it remained on the ground all winter. This, of course, made grand coasting. Father made for me a sled with strong, hard, smooth hickory runners, and big enough for two to ride on. I declare, I don't believe there ever was such another sled for speed"; and mother's eyes would sparkle at the memories the thought of her faithful sled recalled.

"At this time the country was very thinly populated. Our nearest neighbor was Abner

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Jones, who lived some three miles away, over on the other side of Peek's Hill. Abner Jones had a little girl, named Amanda, about my own age, and we two children soon became great chums. After a big snow-storm, Amanda and I would go coasting on Peek's Hill whenever we could gain the permission of our parents. She would come over to my house, or I would go over to her house, and together we would go to the hill. Amanda had no sled; but we would both ride down on my sled, and then take turns pulling it up the hill.

"The first week in January there was a two-days thaw, followed by a sharp freeze. This caused a thick icy crust to form on top of the remaining snow, which, by the next day, became so hard and strong that it would bear the weight of a man. The water from the melted snow ran into the hollow at the foot of Peek's Hill, and made a large, deep pond, which was soon covered over with a sheet of gleaming ice. So, you see, Peek's Hill had become an ideal coasting-place; for we could slide down its steep side at lightning speed, and out upon the ice, and even clear across the pond, a good three quarters of a mile from the top of the hill.

"On one Saturday afternoon following a thaw and a freeze-up, I secured the permission of my parents to go over to Amanda's and get her to come sliding with me down the hill. Father cautioned me to be sure and be home early, because the wolves, which at that time infested all this section of the country, were said to be getting very bold and fierce, especially at night-time; and they had been known, when driven by hunger, to run down and kill horses and cattle and even human beings. Doubtless the cold and the deep snow had forced many southward from the great woods in the northern part of the State. But the caution fell on idle ears. I considered all wolves cowards; besides, I was not going to hunt wolves: I was bent upon coasting down-hill; and I did not believe any wolf would be foolish enough to take the trouble to run down a little girl when there were plenty of chickens and cattle to be had.

"I bundled up warmly, and, drawing my sled behind me, started 'cross lots over Peek's Hill to Amanda's house. Peek's Hill stood about halfway between our two homes. I left the heavy

sled at the top of the hill to await our return. When I reached the house I found Amanda laid up with a bad cold, and of course her mother would not allow her to go coasting; so I took off my things to stay in the house and play with her. Amanda had two rubber dolls, and we had such a jolly time playing with them that I did not notice how fast the time was passing until Mrs. Jones said, 'Come, my dear; it is time you were going.' Then she helped to bundle me up, gave me a doughnut hot from the kettle, and saw me safely started on my way home.

"The sun was nearing the western horizon. I glanced at it and hurried on. The first part of my way lay through heavy woods; then came an opening, in the midst of which rose Peek's Hill. The brow of the hill was perhaps forty rods from the edge of the woods, the steep incline down which we coasted being on the opposite side. There was no road, only a path worn through the snow by our neighborly feet.

"I had passed about half-way through the woods, when suddenly a great shaggy wolf bounded out into the path in front of me. The wolf stopped and glared hungrily at me for a moment, then dashed away into the brush. A moment after I heard him howling a few rods in the rear. To my inexpressible horror, the howl was quickly answered by another, and then another, and still another, until to my terrified ears the woods seemed full of the ferocious beasts.

"There was no need of telling me what this meant. I was old enough and familiar enough with wolf-nature to know that the first wolf was calling to his mates to come and help him run down and kill his quarry.

"For a moment I stood still in my tracks, listening in trembling horror to the hideous howlings; then I gathered myself together and ran. Fear lent me wings. My feet seemed hardly to touch the snow. And yet it was but a minute before I heard the rapid pit-pat of the feet of the wolves on the hard crust of the snow behind me, and knew that they were drawing near. I reached the edge of the woods; and, as I dashed into the opening, I cast a hurried glance to the rear. Several great, gaunt wolves, running neck and neck, were not five rods be-



"FINALLY I HEARD A CRASH, AND GLANCING BACK I SAW A STRUGGLING
JUMBLE OF HEADS AND PAWS." (SEE PAGE 390.)

hind me. They ran with their heads outstretched, making great bounds over the hard snow.

"At that time I was tall for my age, and could run like a deer. The sight of the wolves, so close behind me, caused me to redouble my efforts; but, in spite of my speed, as I reached the brow of the hill I could hear their panting breaths, so near had they come. With a quick movement of my hands I threw off my heavy cloth cape and woolen hood. At the same instant my eyes caught sight of the sled, which I had left at the top of the hill. Fortunately it was standing facing the steep incline. If I could reach it before the wolves caught me, possibly I might yet escape! My hood and cape delayed the animals for an instant; but they were again upon me just as I, without slacking my speed in the least, caught the sled up into my hands and threw myself upon it.

"I think the sudden change in my position, just as they were about to spring on me, must have disconcerted the wolves for an instant; and before they recovered I was sliding down the hill. The wolves came tumbling and leaping after me, howling and snarling. At the start the hill was very steep, and the frozen snow was as smooth and as slippery as ice. The sled kept going faster and faster, and soon I had the inexpressible delight of seeing that I was beginning to leave the wolves behind. Far below I saw the gleaming ice on the pond. About half-way down the hill the incline was considerably less steep, becoming nearly level just before reaching the pond. When I came to this part of the hill I again glanced behind,

and, to my horror, saw that the wolves had begun to gain on me, and were now not more than two rods away. Evidently the sled was slowing up. There was nothing I could do to quicken its motion. My fate seemed certain. At last the sled reached the pond, and while still but a few feet from the bank I suddenly felt the ice bend and crack beneath me; but either my speed was too rapid or my weight too light, or both, for I did not break through, but sped swiftly on to stronger ice and to safety. For a moment the slippery ice delayed the wolves, then they came on swifter than ever, their sharp claws scratching the ice like knives. Finally I heard a crash, and glancing back I saw a struggling jumble of heads and paws, and I knew in a moment that the combined weight of the wolves had broken through the ice at the weak place that had cracked as I passed over it.

"I left the sled at the margin of the pond, and hurried home, where, girl-like, I fell fainting into my mother's arms.

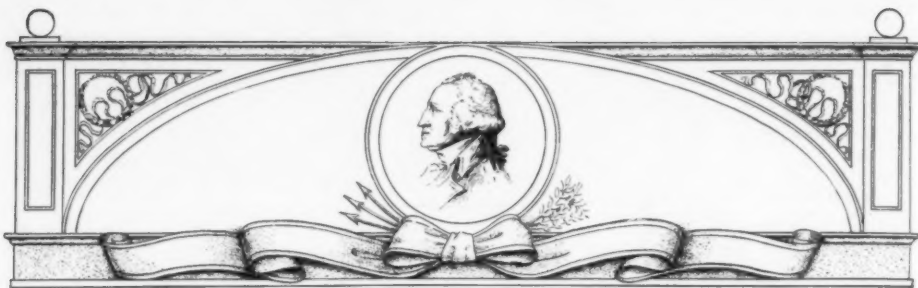
"There, children; that is how your mother escaped from the wolves by coasting down Peek's Hill; and that great wolfskin robe in the corner is one of the very hides that father took from the six bodies after he had dragged them out of the pond the next morning"; and mother, with a flush on her dear face, would point to the familiar wolfskin robe.

Then we children would bring the great robe from its place, spread it out on the floor before the fire, and, seating ourselves upon it, talk in low voices of the terrible ride our dear mother took down Peek's Hill when she was a girl and was chased by the wolves.





A SKATING PARTY IN COLONIAL DAYS.



OUR BOYS AND OUR PRESIDENTS.

BY CHARLES F. BENJAMIN.

FEW boys escape occasional reminders that they may become Presidents of the United States if they behave themselves. Somebody outside the family wishing to say something nice and encouraging, or a fond parent speaking out a roundabout sort of hope that the beloved son may become worthy of greatness, or some friend uttering a passing bit of pleasantry—any of these may say to any American lad whom he knows: "My boy, you may be President of the United States some day!"

But however and by whom spoken, the remark usually makes no great impression upon the boy, whose joys and ambitions do not yet lie in the direction of the Presidency. We need no proverb to tell us that boys will be boys, and we are likely to pity the man who, in his youth, missed the happiness and advantage of having been a "real boy."

Yet the boy who lives will become a man, and all our Presidents have been boys—most of them just the kind of "real boys" that our country so abundantly rears. So there is not so great a distance between our boys and the Presidency, after all.

To tell a boy that he may be President is to put the Presidency above other earthly prizes attainable by our future men, and to imply that the route to the Presidency is a people's free highway. There is, in truth, no royal road to the White House, nor special privilege to any person or class that may have a fancy for it. What the law says as to the Presidency is simplicity itself: merely that a President shall be a native-born citizen at least thirty-five

years old, with a residence of not less than fourteen years within the United States, and that he shall be elected by a majority of votes in the nation. There are millions of boys who in time will meet all these requirements but the last. The boys possess the wide-open field, and how wide it is may be judged from the distance between Jefferson and Madison, born to wealth and high training, and Jackson and Lincoln, born to dire poverty and cast upon the world to train themselves. From Washington to John Quincy Adams, without interruption, the Presidency went to men who had been boys of so-called good family and position. From Jackson to McKinley it went chiefly to candidates who might be called "self-made men." From being men *for* the people the Presidents became men *of* the people; and, small as the difference looks, the people have clung to it ever since it began with Jackson, the first of "poor boy" Presidents. Now that many young men of wealth and liberal education are showing a disposition toward politics, we may again, as formerly, have Presidents distinguished in private as well as in public life. In a true republic rich and poor are equal, and so they should be in popular feeling, when other qualities are alike. But the social conditions which gave us for Presidents rich and cultured planters like Jefferson and Madison, and men eminent by such distinction as that of John Adams and his son, have passed away. Inherited fortunes must be used to train men expressly for statesmanship, and to support them while giving their time and abilities to the public service, before the self-made

man will lose his stronger hold upon the greatest place in our government.

If a little collection of trustworthy maxims could be published under the title, "How to Become President," it would be a help to those rare boys who begin early to think of what they would like to be, and it might set some boys to thinking of Presidential chances who now never give the matter a passing thought. But the winning of the Presidency is not one of those exact arts for which the directions can be set out like lessons in a school-book. Thus far we have had but twenty *chosen* Presidents; for five of the Presidents, so-called, have been Vice-Presidents, succeeding to the powers and duties of Presidents who died within their terms of office. Twenty is a small number from which to extract a rule for the selection of Presidents, and six of the twenty had already been chosen under the social distinctions prevailing down to the time when Jackson, an idol of the rude and hardy settlers who were transferring the political supremacy from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi valley, brought in the era of the "poor boy." Yet the reasons why the twenty chosen ones became preferred to others must throw some light on the kinds of men and lives most likely to lead to the Presidency.

Washington was chief of the men who had carried the young nation to independence through the Revolutionary War, and when the people decided to have a President they had no room in their minds or hearts for anybody but him. He would have been a President for life if he had not insisted upon retiring when he felt that he could leave the office without injury to the country.

Presidents John Adams, Jefferson, and Madison were all illustrious statesmen of the Revolutionary period, and each was the natural and proper choice of the party that elected him in behalf of the nation.

Presidents Monroe and John Quincy Adams were both statesmen of distinguished character and service, with high claims upon the whole people, and stronger claims than any of their competitors upon the party to which they belonged.

President Jackson, coming up early from the humbler ranks of the people, had gained great

fame and popularity as a military and political leader at the time of his election. He was a man of violent passions and prejudices, but, like the gentler Lincoln of after years, a man of many virtues and of a rare strength of character, and a lover of truth, honesty, and the interests of his country. Following the examples of Washington and Jefferson, he refused to serve for more than two terms, and gladly went into retirement at the zenith of his power over the government and people.

President Van Buren was a man of winning manners, and of great popularity; he was renowned as a manager of political affairs, and having been a loyal and most valuable helper to Jackson, the latter, in return, did all he could to make his friend's succession to the Presidency easy and sure.

President William Henry Harrison was much like Jackson in the great hold he had upon the masses through his military fame; but he was a well-bred man, and amiable to all men and parties. He was old when the great office came to him at last, and died only a month after his inauguration.

Presidents Polk, Pierce, and Hayes were men of esteemed private character and creditable standing in politics. Their positions in public life were too moderate to give them hopes of the Presidency, but their party leaders chose them as compromise candidates when unable to agree upon statesmen of greater fame.

President Taylor and President Grant were military men who had become popular heroes through famous victories, for which reason they were taken into politics and made Presidential candidates, as being more likely to defeat the civilian candidates of the opposite parties.

Presidents Buchanan, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, and McKinley were public men of long and prominent service, who, without surpassing other men of their own parties, perhaps, were plainly in the front rank. They were finally preferred in the nominating conventions because well and strongly supported by their adherents, and because their prospects of success favorably impressed the members of the conventions.

Presidents Lincoln and Cleveland were public men who each made a rapid rise to national

importance because he seemed to be the very man to deal with questions out of the ordinary line of politics, which much engrossed the popular mind at the time.

Now let us see what our twenty examples can teach us about how to attain the Presidency. First, we must put aside Washington, Taylor, and Grant as exceptional instances: for we shall hardly again have a creator-in-chief and founder of the nation; and only on rare occasions can some conqueror, by force of popular fervor, supersede the statesman and stride like a victor to the White House. From the seventeen examples that remain we learn that a coming President must be in political life, whether as an illustrious statesman, to whom the office comes like a natural promotion with hardly an effort, or as a suddenly risen man of fame, to whom the popular feeling decrees it. If he be neither of these, then he must be a statesman distinguished beyond the average, or one of average yet real distinction, who in either case must reach out for the coveted place, with a general feeling of the propriety of his having it. If such a one, in the course of events, has had an opportunity to successfully turn his hand to warfare, after the fashion of public men in this land of citizen soldiery, his martial popularity will count largely in his favor. Or an average statesman will have a useful lead if he possesses those personal qualities, such as tact, patience, and grace,—the iron hand in the velvet glove,—that enable him to manage all sorts and conditions of men, and so to make himself quietly predominant. Lastly, to be modestly but honorably in politics, with attractive personal qualities and good claims to private esteem, is to be hopefully in waiting for the day when a party, torn by the rival contentions of its principal men, shall look over into the next rank for a substitute candidate, and thus bring the honor suddenly.

To be in politics means to be active in some political party. Government in all free countries is carried on by parties, and, from the first President Adams to President Roosevelt, every President has been a party man. Even General Taylor had to be stamped as a Whig, and General Grant as a Republican, before they could be put in the way of a regular election to

the place that popular admiration had already bestowed upon them.

Politics means the science of government, and because it means that it has been termed the noblest of professions, without meaning disrespect to the other learned professions, all of which depend upon it for their opportunities to flourish. Our government has been strikingly described by President Lincoln as a government of the people, by the people, for the people. If so, the people generally must take part in carrying it on honestly and intelligently, or it will not work. Those who do their duty must do it habitually through some party, or their labor will be lost. From the beginning of the government there has been one great party in favor of giving to the language of the Federal Constitution its broadest rational meaning, so as to make the national government strong and far-reaching, and to keep it large and active in overseeing the people and helping them to be prosperous. All the time there has been another great party, which aims to keep the language of the Constitution within its narrowest rational limits, leaving to the local governments all that they can fairly do, and leaving still more to the individual himself, as the best judge of his own interests and obligations. The first-described party was known as the Federalist party in the beginning, and is represented to-day by the so-called Republicans; while the second party includes to-day those whom we call Democrats. The founder of the Federalist party was Alexander Hamilton, greatest of our statesmen who have put political principles into action; and of the opposite party, Thomas Jefferson, greatest of those who have wrought our system of government into a philosophical statement of principles. Among the followers of Hamilton's principles have been Washington, Adams, Chief-Justice Marshall, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and Abraham Lincoln; and among the believers in Jefferson's principles were James Madison, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, and Thomas H. Benton. So long as the Constitution lasts, the two opposing parties that sprang into being as soon as it went into operation will, under one name or another, face and combat each other, and the popular feeling will continue to shift

from the one to the other. In this very year young men just of age are entering politics as Democrats or Republicans, a few of whom may hereafter attain the Presidency, to their own glory and the profit of the nation.

Of our twenty chosen Presidents sixteen have been lawyers. To explain this we must remember that our government is one of mixed national and State authority, everywhere controlled by written constitutions, in which each power is limited and each duty defined. To understand and interpret these writings requires a legal education, because many of them mean more than can appear to the uninstructed reader. Lawyers, too, are trained speakers and orators; and to show the merits of one party and the demerits of the other, to the people, is an important part of political work. The first early step toward the Presidency, then, is to study law—not necessarily to become a lawyer, but to become a qualified statesman of the American kind. The next is to join one of the political parties, to be active in it, to preserve a good character, and to learn from the abundant records of the past as much as possible about the United States and its history.

In politics, too, there is room neither for ignorance nor sloth. But, to the diligent, studious, and upright, politics is a high calling, and when a political career ends in the Presidency it reaches the summit of recognized human greatness. Great men we have always with us; yet the President stands alone. Politically he is often showered with abuse, which he does not resent; but personally he is treated with a deference that kings might envy, because, so long as he is President, he is the first citizen of the republic, and all his fellow-citizens belong to their country before they belong to their party.

In the White House, the President is the agent of his party, to carry out its principles

and execute its policies, in harmony with the Constitution and the laws. He has much to do with the making of the laws, much more with their execution, and most of our national and foreign relations may be said almost to lie in the hollow of his hands. His powers might make him proud or foolish if the burden of his great duties did not lead him to value simple rest and privacy above ambition and vanity, and if the dreaded consequences of rashness or error did not make him cautious and sober-minded. He has so much to say, to hear, and to do that in general he must consult or advise or direct or depend upon many others, and he could not become an autocrat if he tried. Since Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson, though setting limits upon their stay in office, consented to be double-term Presidents, he also wishes for two terms as a mark of popular confidence and esteem; and as he is fated to appear upon the pages of history while history endures, he longs to appear there as a good and able President. But to gain those coveted distinctions he must please a majority of both his party and the people, or one or the other will retire him at the end of his first term.

To win the Presidency as most of our Presidents have won it is a great thing; but it is a greater thing to part with it at the end of four or eight fruitful and mainly successful years. A President moving to an honored retirement is a witness to the noble possibilities of politics as a career, if followed with wisdom, justice, and a faithful devotion to duty. It is just such an inspiring ideal of an American citizen that the kindly speaker has in mind who pats on the head some manly and attractive urchin of the streets or the fields, and utters into politely attentive but uncharmed ears the suggestion that he may one day be President of the United States.



THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.*

BY HOWARD PYLE.



The Winning of a Sword & a Queen

CHAPTER III.

HOW KING ARTHUR WON EXCALIBUR.

Now as soon as King Arthur had been thus healed of those grievous wounds which he had received in his battle with King Pellinore, he found himself to be moved by a most vehement desire to meet his enemy again for to try issue of battle with him once more, so to recover the credit which he had lost in that combat. So upon the morning of the fourth day, being entirely cured, and having broken his fast, he walked for refreshment beside the skirts of the forest, listening the while to the cheerful sound of the wild birds singing their matins, all with might and main. Beside him walked Merlin, and unto him the king spake his mind concerning his intent to engage once more in knightly contest with King Pellinore. "Merlin," quoth he, "it doth vex me very sorely for to have

come off so ill in my late encounter with King Pellinore. Certes he is the very best knight in all the world whom I have ever yet encountered. Ne'theless, haply it might have fared differently with me had I not broken my sword, and so left myself altogether defenseless in that respect. Howsoever that may be, I am of a mind for to assay this adventure once more, and so will I do as immediately as may be."

"My Lord King," replied Merlin thereunto, "thou art certainly a very brave man to have so much appetite for battle, seeing how nigh thou camest unto thy death not even four days ago. Yet how mayst thou hope to undertake this adventure without due preparation? For, lo! thou hast no sword, nor hast thou a spear, nor hast thou even thy misericorde for to do battle withal. How, then, mayst thou hope for to assay this adventure?"

"That, in sooth, I know not," said King

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Arthur. "Ne'theless I will presently seek for some weapon as soon as may be. For even an I had no better weapon than an oaken cudgel, yet would I assay this battle again with so poor a weapon as that."

"Now, my dear lord and king," quoth Merlin, "I do indeed perceive that thou art altogether fixed in thy purpose for to renew this quarrel. Wherefore I will not seek to stay thee therefrom, but will do all that in me lies for to aid thee in thy desires. Now I must tell thee that in one part of this forest (which is, indeed, a very strange place) there lieth a wide and considerable lake which is certainly of enchantment, and of no common sort. Now in the center of that lake there hath for some time appeared a woman's arm—exceedingly beautiful and clad in white samite. And this arm holdeth forth a sword of such exceeding excellence and beauty that no eye hath ever beheld its like. And the name of this sword is Excalibur, it being so named by those who have beheld it because of its marvelous brightness and beauty. And it hath come to pass that several knights have already endeavored to obtain this wonderful sword, but heretofore no one hath been able to touch it, for when any man draweth near unto it, it either disappeareth entirely, or else it is withdrawn beneath the lake, so that no man hath ever been able to obtain unto its possession. Now I am able to conduct thee unto that lake where thou mayst see Excalibur with thine own eyes. Then, when thou hast seen it, thou mayst haply have the desire to obtain it, which, an thou do, thou wilt have a sword very well fitted for to do battle with."

"Merlin," quoth the king, "this is a very strange thing which thou tellest me. Now am I desirous beyond measure for to attempt to obtain this sword for mine own; wherefore I do beseech thee to lead me with all speed to this enchanted lake whereof thou tellest me."

"That will I do," quoth Merlin.

So King Arthur and Merlin took leave of the hermit who had given them shelter (the king having knelt in the grass to receive his benediction), and so, departing, they entered the woodland once more in that further quest of the adventure which the king had undertaken.

And now, as before, they traveled a very long distance through those gloomy shades, beholding nothing but the trunks of trees before them and nothing overhead but the foliage thereof, and hearing no sound but now and then the note of the wood-dove.

Nor did they discover any sign of human life until, about high noontide, they came to a spot where they perceived a little bower, wherein was a table spread with a fair snow-white cloth, and set with refreshments of white bread, wine, and meats of several sorts. And at the door of this bower there stood a page clad all in green, and his hair was as black as a raven, and his eyes as black as sloes and exceeding bright. And when this page beheld King Arthur and Merlin, he gave them greeting, and welcomed the king right pleasantly. "Ah, my Lord King!" quoth he, "thou art very welcome to this place! Now, I prithe, dismount and refresh thyself before going farther."

Then was King Arthur adoubt as to whether there might not be some enchantment in this for to work him an ill. But Merlin bade him have good cheer. "Indeed, my Lord King," quoth he, "thou mayst freely partake of this refreshment, which, I can tell thee, was prepared especially for thee. "And in this, forsooth, thou mayst foretell a very happy issue unto this adventure."

So King Arthur sat down to the table with great comfort of heart (for he was unhungred), and that page and another like unto him ministered unto his needs, serving him all the food upon silver plates, and all the wine in golden goblets, as he was used to be served in his own court, only that these things were much more cunningly wrought and fashioned and were more beautiful than the table furniture of his own court.

Then, after he had eaten and had washed his hands in a silver basin which the first page offered him, and had wiped them upon a fine linen napkin which the other page brought unto him, and after Merlin had also refreshed himself, they went their way, greatly rejoicing at this pleasant adventure, which it seemed to the king could not but betoken a very good issue to his undertaking.

Now, having so proceeded again for a not very great distance farther, King Arthur and Merlin came, of a sudden, out from the forest and upon a fair and level plain, bedight all over with such a number of flowers that no man could conceive of their quantity and of the beauty thereof. And midway in the plain was a lake of water as bright as silver, and all around the borders of the lake were incredible numbers of lilies and of asphodels.

But when King Arthur had come unto the lake, there he beheld the miracle that Merlin had told to him aforetime. For, lo! there in the midst of the expanse of water was the appearance of a fair and beautiful arm, as of a woman, clad all in white samite. And the arm was encircled with several bracelets of wrought gold; and the hand held a sword of marvelous workmanship aloft in the air above the surface of the water; and neither the arm nor the sword moved so much as a hair's-breadth, but were motionless like to a carven image upon the surface of the lake. And behold! the sun of that strange land shone down upon the hilt of the sword, and it was of pure gold beset with jewels of several sorts, so that the hilt of the sword and the bracelets that encircled the arm glistened in the midst of the lake like to some singular star of exceeding splendor.

And so King Arthur sat upon his war-horse and gazed from a distance at the arm and the sword, and he greatly marveled thereat; yet he wist not how he might come at that sword, for the lake was wonderfully wide and deep, wherefore he knew not how he might come thereunto for to make it his own. And as he sat pondering within himself, he was suddenly aware of a strange lady, who approached him through those tall flowers that bloomed along the margin of the lake. And when he perceived her coming toward him he quickly dismounted from his war-horse, and, with the bridle-rein over his arm, he went forward for to meet her. As he came nigh to her, he perceived that she was wonderfully beautiful, and that her hair was like silk and as black as it was possible to be, and so long that it reached unto the ground as she walked. And this strange lady was clad all in green, only that

a fine cord of crimson and gold was interwoven into the plaits of her hair. And around her neck there hung a very beautiful necklace of several strands of opal stones and emeralds set in cunningly wrought gold; and around her wrists were bracelets of the like sort, of opal stones and emeralds set in gold. And when King Arthur beheld her wonderful appearance, he immediately knelt before her upon one knee in the midst of all those flowers. "Lady," quoth he, "I do certainly perceive that thou art no mortal demoiselle. Also that this place, because of its extraordinary beauty, can be no other than some land of faerie into which I have entered.

"King Arthur," replied the lady, "thou sayst soothly, for I am indeed faerie. Moreover, I may tell thee that my name is Nymue, and that I am the chiefest of those ladies of the lake of whom thou mayst have heard people speak."

"Lady," said King Arthur, "that which thou tellest me causes me to wonder a very great deal. And, indeed, I am afraid that in coming hitherward I have been doing amiss for to intrude upon the solitude of your dwelling-place."

"Nay, not so, King Arthur," quoth the Lady of the Lake; "for, in truth, thou art very welcome hereunto. Likewise, I may tell thee that thou couldst not have entered this land had we not been willing for thee to do so. Moreover, I tell thee truly that I have a greater friendliness for thee and those noble knights of thy court than thou canst easily wot of. But I do beseech thee of thy courtesy for to tell me what it is that brings thee to our land."

"Lady," quoth the king, "I will tell thee the entire truth. I fought of late a battle with a certain Sable Knight, in the which I was sorely and grievously wounded, and wherein I burst my spear and snapped my sword and lost even my misericorde, so that I had not a single thing left me by way of a weapon. In this extremity Merlin, here, told me of Excalibur, and of how it is continually upheld by an arm in the midst of this magical lake. So I came hither, and, behold, I find it even as he hath said. Now, lady, an it be possible, I would fain achieve that excellent sword, that by means of it I might fight my battle to its entire end."

"Ha, my Lord King," said the Lady of the Lake, "that sword is no easy thing to achieve; and, moreover, I may tell thee that several knights have lost their lives by attempting that which thou hast a mind to do. For, in sooth, no man may win yonder glave unless he be without fear and without reproach."

"Alas, lady!" quoth King Arthur, "that is indeed a sad saying for me. Haply I be brave enow, yet in truth there be many things where-with I do reproach myself withal. Ne'theless I would fain attempt this thing, even an it be to my great endangerment. Wherefore, I prithe, tell me how I may best undertake that which I would perform?"

"King Arthur," said the Lady of the Lake, "I will do what I may for to aid thee in thy wishes in this matter." Upon this she lifted a single emerald that hung by a small chain of gold at her girdle, and, lo! the emerald was cunningly carved into the form of a whistle. And she set the whistle to her lips and blew upon it passing shrilly. Then straightway there appeared upon the water, a great way off, a certain thing that shone very brightly. And this drew near with great speed, and, as it came nigh, behold! it was a boat all of carven brass. And the boat moved upon the water like a swan, very swiftly, so that long lines like to silver threads stretched far away behind across the face of the water, which otherwise was like unto glass for smoothness. And when the brazen boat had reached the bank it rested there and moved no more.

Then the Lady of the Lake bade King Arthur to enter the boat, and so he entered it. And immediately he had done so the boat moved away from the bank as swiftly as it had come thither. And Merlin and the Lady of the Lake stood upon the margin of the water and gazed after King Arthur and the brazen boat.

And King Arthur beheld that the boat floated swiftly across the lake to where was the arm uplifting the sword, and that the arm and the sword moved not, but remained where they were.

Then King Arthur reached forth and took the sword in his hand, and immediately the arm disappeared beneath the water, and King Arthur held the sword and the scabbard thereof and the

belt thereof in his hand, and, lo! they were his own.

Then the brazen boat sped quickly back to the land again, and King Arthur stepped ashore where stood the Lady of the Lake and Merlin, and he gave the lady great thanks beyond measure for all that she had done for to aid him in his great undertaking; and she gave him cheerful and pleasing words in reply.

Then King Arthur saluted the lady as became him; and having mounted his war-horse, and Merlin having mounted his palfrey, they rode away thence upon their business—the king's heart still greatly expanded with pure delight at having for his own that beautiful sword, the most beautiful and the most famous in all the world.

That night King Arthur and Merlin abided with the holy hermit at the forest sanctuary, and when the next morning had come they took their departure for the valley of the Sable Knight.

Anon about noontide they reached the valley, and there all things were appointed exactly as when King Arthur had been there before: to wit, the gloomy castle, the lawn of smooth grass, the apple-tree covered over with shields, and the bridge whereon hung that single shield of sable.

Thereupon straightway the king rode forth upon the bridge, and, seizing the brazen mall, he smote upon the sable shield with all his might and main. Immediately the portcullis of the castle was let fall as afore told, and in the same manner as that other time the Sable Knight straight rode forth therefrom, already bedight and equipped for the encounter. So came he to the bridge-head, and there halted whilst to him spake King Arthur: "Ho, King Pellinore!" quoth he. "Now do we know one another entirely well, and each doth judge that he hath cause of quarrel with the other: thou that I, for mine own reasons, as seemed to me to be fit, have taken away from thee thy kingly estate; I that thou hast set thyself up here for to do injury and affront to knights and lords and other people of this kingdom of mine. Wherefore, now that I am errant, do I here challenge thee for to fight with me, man to man, until either thou or I have conquered the other."



xcalibur the Sword. &



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Unto this speech King Pellinore bowed his head in obedience, and thereupon he wheeled his horse, and, riding to some little distance, took his place where he had afore stood. And King Arthur also rode to some little distance and took his station where he had afore stood. At the same time there came forth from the castle one of those tall pages clad all in sable pied with crimson, and gave to King Arthur a good, stout spear of ash-wood, well seasoned and untried in battle; and then, shouting aloud, they drave together, smiting each other so fairly that both spears shivered into small splinters as they had aforetime done.

Then each of these two kings immediately dismounted his horse with great skill and address, and, drawing each his sword, they fell to at a combat so furious and so violent that two wild bulls upon the mountains could not have engaged in a more desperate encounter.

And now did the temper and the keenness of Excalibur stand King Arthur in such stead that it was soon entirely apparent that he was to be the victor in that second battle. For many wounds, sore and grievous, did he deliver to his enemy, and yet received he none himself; nor did he shed a single drop of blood in all that fight, though his enemy's armor was in a little while all ensanguined with crimson.

At last King Arthur delivered so fell and vehement a stroke that King Pellinore was entirely benumbed thereby. Down fell his sword and his shield, his limbs trembled beneath him, and he sank unto his knees upon the ground. "Spare!" said he. "Spare! For I yield myself unto thee, Arthur."

"I will spare," said King Arthur, "and I will do more than that. For now that thou hast yielded thyself to me as conquered, lo! I will restore unto thee all those lands that I had, perforce, to take away from thee whiles thou wert in rebellion against me. I bear no ill will toward thee, Pellinore. Ne'theless I can have no rebels against my power in this realm, for I do declare that I hold singly in my sight the good of the people of this kingdom. Wherefore he who is against me is also against them. But now that thou hast yielded thyself to me I will render back to thee thy life and everything else that thou hast lost in thy war against me. Only,

as a pledge of thy good faith toward me in the future, I shall require it of thee that thou shalt send to me, as hostage of thy good will, thy four sons: to wit, Sir Aglaval, Sir Lamarack, Sir Dornar, and the young Percival. Those three shall be fellows unto the goodly knights of my court, and shall be held in all honor and regard by me. As for Percival, him will I knight with mine own hand when he hath come of the proper ripe age. So these four shall stand between us as pledges of thy truth and loyalty."

All this while King Pellinore remained upon his knees; nor did he arise after King Arthur had ceased speaking. "My Lord King," quoth he, "I do accept all that thou offerest me, and that with full gratitude and love. And unto my faithfulness henceforth I do pledge both my knightly word and my four sons to boot. And to my troth, moreover, I do here swear upon the handle of this sword which I now hold up before mine eyes and thine."

"I bid thee rise, Pellinore," said King Arthur, "for now we are enemies no longer, but in sooth friends." Thereupon he gave King Pellinore his hand, and King Pellinore kissed it, and lifted himself up and stood upon his feet, though still tottering with the weakness of that fierce combat that was lately waged. Then they went together into the castle, where King Pellinore's wounds were dressed and he himself put into some ease and comfort.

That night King Pellinore's four sons served King Arthur and their father, and after supper King Arthur went to his bed, his heart greatly expanded and uplifted with cheerfulness.

Thus it was that with sore trials and by means of two dreadful battles King Arthur won, not only a friend instead of an enemy, but four most glorious knights for that splendid and famous court of chivalry that surrounded him. For I must tell you that in after-times Sir Percival de Gales was, next to Sir Launcelot of the Lake, the most potent knight in all of the world, and, next to Sir Galahad, the most pure of spirit and serene of life.

Moreover, by all this dire suffering and defeat, King Arthur finally gat him that famous sword Excalibur, the like of which the world hath never seen before nor since.

Now the next day, as Merlin and King Arthur rode through the forest together, quoth Merlin to the king: "Which wouldst thou rather have — Excalibur or the sheath that holdeth it, my Lord King?"

"And canst thou ask such a question of me as that, Merlin?" said the king. "Ten thousand times would I rather have Excalibur than its sheath."

"There art thou wrong, my lord," said Merlin. "For let me tell thee that, though Excalibur is of so great a temper that it may cut in twain either a feather or a bar of iron, yet is the sheath that containeth it of such a sort that he who weareth it can suffer no wound in battle, neither may he lose a single drop of blood. In witness whereof, thou mayst remember that in thy late battle with King Pellinore thou didst suffer no ill nor mishap of any sort."

Then King Arthur directed a countenance of great displeasure upon that wise man. "Forsooth, Merlin," quoth he, "I do declare that thou hast taken from me the entire glory of that battle which I have lately fought. For what credit may there be to any knight who fights his enemy by means of enchantment such as that thou tellest me of? Now am I of a mind

for to take this glorious sword back to that magic lake, and to cast it therein where it belongeth; for I believe that a knight should fight by means of his own strength, and not by means of magic."

"My Lord King," said Merlin, "I deem that thou art entirely right in what thou holdest. But thou must bear in thy mind, my lord, that thou art not an errant knight, but a king, and that thy life belongeth not unto thee, but unto thy people. Wherefore thou hast no right to imperil it, but shouldst do all that lieth in thy power for to preserve it."

This saying King Arthur meditated for a long while in silence; then spake he at last in this wise. "Merlin," quoth he, "thou art right, and, for the sake of my people, I will keep both Excalibur for to fight for them withal, and likewise its sheath for to preserve my life for their sake. Ne'theless I shall nevermore fight with this sword in single knightly contest; for what credit could there be to me therein, seeing that I have such odds as this in my favor?"

And King Arthur abided by all this that he said to Merlin; for, though he never let Excalibur go from beside him, yet thereafter he ever contented himself with jousting upon occasions with the lance.

PART III.

THE WINNING OF A QUEEN.

CHAPTER I.

HOW KING ARTHUR WENT TO CAMILARD.

Now, upon a certain day King Arthur proclaimed a high feast, which was held at Carlion-upon-Usk. Many noble guests were bidden, and an exceedingly splendid court gathered at the king's castle. For at that feast there sat seven kings and five queens in royal state; and there were high lords and beautiful ladies of degree to the number of threescore and seven; and there were a multitude of those famous knights of the king's court who were reckoned the most renowned in arms in all of Christendom.

And while the king sat thus at feast, lo! there came an herald-messenger from the west country. And the herald came and stood be-

fore the king and said: "Greeting to thee, King Arthur!"

And the king said: "Speak, and tell me, what is thy message?"

And the herald said: "I come from King Leodegrance of Camilard. And my king is in sore trouble, for thus it is. His enemy and thine enemy, King Rayence of North Wales (he who at one time would have thee send him thy beard for to trim his mantle), doth make sundry demands of my master, King Leodegrance, which demands King Leodegrance is altogether loath to fulfil. And King Rayence of North Wales threateneth to bring war into Camilard because King Leodegrance doth not immediately fulfil those demands. Now, King Leodegrance hath no such array of knights and armed men as he one time had

gathered about him for to defend his kingdom against assault. Wherefore my master King Leodegrance doth beseech aid of thee who art his king and overlord."

To these things that the herald-messenger said, King Arthur, and all that court that feasted with him, listened in entire silence. And the king's countenance, which erstwhiles had been expanded with cheerfulness, became overcast and dark with anger. "Ha!" he cried. "This is, verily, no good news that thou hast brought hither to our feast. Now, I will give what aid I am able to thy master, King Leodegrance, in this extremity, and that right speedily. But tell me, Sir Herald, what things are they that King Rayence demandeth of thy master?"

"That will I tell your Majesty," quoth the herald-messenger. "Firstly, King Rayence maketh demand upon my master of a great part of those lands of Camilard that march upon the borders of North Wales. Secondly, he maketh demand that the Lady Guinevere, the king's daughter, be delivered in marriage unto Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER, who is of kin unto King Rayence; but that duke, though a mighty warrior, is so evil of appearance, and so violent of temper, that I believe that there is not his like for ugliness or for madness of humor in all of the world."

Now when King Arthur heard this that the messenger said he was immediately seized with an extraordinary passion of anger.

And the reason of the king's wrath was this: that, ever since he had lain wounded and sick nigh unto death in the forest, he bare in mind how the Lady Guinevere had suddenly appeared before him like some tall, straight, shining angel who had descended unto him out of Paradise—all full of pity, and exceedingly beautiful. Wherefore, at thought of that wicked, mad Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER making demand unto marriage with her, he was seized with a rage so violent that it shook his spirit as a mighty wind shaketh a tree.

So for a long while he walked up and down in his wrath, and no one durst come nigh him.

Then, after a while, he gave command that Merlin and Sir Ulfius and Sir Kay should come to him at that place where he was. And when

they had come thither he talked to them for a considerable time, bidding Merlin for to make ready to go upon a journey with him, and bidding Sir Ulfius and Sir Kay for to gather together a large army of chosen knights and armed men, and to bring that army straightway into those parts coadjacent to the royal castle of Tintagalon—which same standeth close to the borders of North Wales and of Camilard.

So Sir Ulfius and Sir Kay went about to do as King Arthur commanded, and Merlin also went about to do as he was bidden; and the next day King Arthur and Merlin, together with certain famous knights of the king's court who were the most approved at arms of all those about him,—to wit, Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine (who were nephews unto the king) and Sir Pellias and Sir Geraint the son of Erbin,—set forth for Tintagalon across the forest of Usk.

And they traveled for all that day and a part of the next; and so they came, at last, to that large and noble castle, called Tintagalon, which guards the country bordering upon Camilard and in North Wales. Here King Arthur was received with great rejoicing; for whithersoever the king went the people loved him very dearly; wherefore the folk of Tintagalon were very glad when he came unto them.

Now the morning after King Arthur had come unto Tintagalon (the summer night having been very warm) he and Merlin were glad to arise betimes to go abroad for to enjoy the dewy freshness of the early daytime. So in that early hour of the day they walked together in the garden (which was a very pleasant place) and beneath the shadow of a tall, straight tower. And all round about were many trees with a good shade where the little birds sang sweetly in the pleasantness of the summer weather.

And here King Arthur opened his mind very freely to Merlin, and he said: "Merlin, I do believe that the Lady Guinevere is the fairest lady in all of the world; wherefore my heart seems ever to be entirely filled with love for her, and that to such a degree that I think of her continually by day (whether I be eating, or drinking, or walking, or sitting still), and like-

wise I dream of her many times at night. And this has been the case with me, Merlin, ever since a month ago when I lay sick in that hermit's cell in the forest: what time she came and stood beside me like a shining angel out of Paradise. So I am not willing that any other man than I should have her for his wife.

"Now I know very well that thou art wonderfully cunning in those arts of magic that may change a man in his appearance so that even those who know him best may not recognize him. Wherefore I very greatly desire it of thee that thou wilt so disguise me that I may go, unknown of any man, into Camilard, and that I may dwell there in such a way that I may see the Lady Guinevere every day. For I tell thee very truly that I greatly desire to behold her in such a wise that she may not be in any way witting of my regard. Likewise I would fain see for myself how great may be the perils that encompass King Leodegrance — the king being my right good friend."

"My Lord King," said Merlin, "it shall be as thou desirest, and this morning I will cause thee to be so disguised that no one in all the world shall be able to know thee who thou art."

So that morning a little before the dawn, Merlin came unto the king where he was and gave him a little cap. And the cap was of such a sort that when the king set it upon his head he assumed, upon the instant, the appearance of a rude and rustic fellow from the countryside. Then the king commanded that a jerkin of rough frieze should be brought to him, and with this he covered his royal and knightly vestments, and with it he hid that golden collar and its jewel pendants which he continually wore about his neck. Then, setting the cap upon his head, he assumed at once the guise of that peasant lad.

Whereupon, being thus entirely disguised, he quitted Tintagalon unknown of any man, and took his way afoot to the town of Camilard.

Now toward the slanting of the day he drew nigh to that place, and, lo! he beheld before him a large and considerable town of many comely houses with red walls and shining windows. And the houses of the town sat all upon a high, steep hill, the one overlooking the other, and the town itself was encompassed

round about by a great wall, high and strong. And a great castle guarded the town, and the castle had very many towers and roofs. And all round about the tower were many fair gardens and lawns and meadows, and several orchards and groves of trees with thick and pleasing shade. So, because King Arthur was weary with walking for all that day, it appeared to him that he had hardly ever beheld in all of his life so fair and pleasing a place as that excellent castle with its gardens and lawns and groves of trees.

Thus came King Arthur unto the castle of Camilard in the guise of a poor peasant from the country-side, and no man in all of the world knew him who he was. So, having reached the castle, he made inquiries for the head gardener thereof; and when he had speech with the gardener he besought him that he might be taken into service into that part of the garden that appertained to the dwelling-place of the Lady Guinevere. Then the gardener looked upon him and saw that he was tall and strong and well framed, wherefore he liked him very well, and took him into service even as he desired.

And thus it was that King Arthur of Britain became a gardener's boy at Camilard.

Now the king was very glad to be in that garden; for in this pleasant summer season the Lady Guinevere came every day to walk with her damsels among the flowers, and King Arthur, all disguised as a peasant gardener-boy, beheld her very many times when she came thither.

So King Arthur abode at that place for above a week, and took he no care that in all that time he enjoyed none of his kingly estate, but was only the gardener's boy in the castle garden of Camilard.

Now it happened, upon a morn when the weather was very warm, that one of the damsels who was in attendance upon the Lady Guinevere, and who was called Mellicene of the White Hand, saw from her window what appeared to be a brilliantly appareled knight bathing his face at the fountain under the linden-tree; and when she herself went to see who he might be, behold, no one was there but the stupid gardener-boy

busy at his work. When Guinevere awoke, the lady in waiting told her all that she had seen; but the Lady Guinevere only laughed at her and mocked her, telling her that she had been asleep and dreaming when she beheld that vision.

bathed his face in the water as he had aforetime done. And this time she beheld that his collar of gold lay upon the brink of the fountain beside him, and it sparkled with great splendor in the sunlight the whiles he bathed



he Lady Guinevere



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

And, indeed, the damsel herself had begun to think this must be so.

Then there befell another certain morning when she looked out of the casement, and, lo! there sat that strange knight by the fountain once more, as he had aforetime sat, and he

wrought collar of gold inset with many jewels of various colors, and the collar shone with great splendor where it lay upon the marble verge of the fountain.

Somewhiles she gazed, astonished greatly; then she commanded the damsel Mellicene for

his face. Then, after that damsel had regarded him for a moment's space, she ran with all speed to the chamber where the Lady Guinevere still lay. "Lady!" cried the damsel Mellicene, "lady! lady, arouse thee and come with me! For, lo, that same young knight whom I beheld before is even now at the fountain under the linden-tree."

Then the Lady Guinevere, greatly marveling, aroused herself right quickly, and, clothing herself with all speed, went with the damsel unto that casement window which looked out into that part of the garden.

And there she herself beheld the young knight where he laved his face at the fountain. And she saw that his hair and his beard shone like gold in the sunlight; and she saw that his tunic was of purple linen threaded with gold; and she saw that beside him lay that cunningly

to come with her, and with that she turned and descended the turret stairs, and went quickly out into the garden, as her damsel had done aforetime. Then, following the damsel, she straightway hastened in all silence down the path toward the fountain.

But, behold! when she had come there, she found no knight, but only the gardener's boy, exactly as had happened with the damsel Mellicene aforetime, for King Arthur had heard her coming and had immediately put that enchanted cap upon his head. Then the Lady Guinevere marveled very greatly to find there only the gardener's boy, and she wist not what to think of so strange a thing. Thereupon she demanded of him, even as Mellicene had done, whither had gone the young knight whom she had beheld anon there at the fountain. And unto her the gardener's lad made answer as aforetime: "Lady, there hath been no one at this place at any time this morning but only me."

Now when King Arthur had donned his cap at the coming of the lady, he had, in his great haste, forgotten his golden collar; and this Guinevere beheld where it lay shining very brightly beside the fountain. "How now, fellow!" quoth she. "And wouldst thou dare to make a mock of me? Now tell me, thou varlet, do gardeners' boys in the land whence thou didst come wear golden collars about their necks like unto that collar that lieth yonder beside the fountain? Of a sooth, if I had thee well whipped it would be only thy rightful due. But take thou that bauble yonder and give it unto him to whom it doth belong, whatever knight he be." Then turned she with the damsel Mellicene, and left she that place, and went back again into her bower.

Yet, indeed, for all that day, as she sat over her broidery, she did never cease to marvel and to wonder how it was possible that that strange young knight should so suddenly have vanished away and left only the poor gardener-boy in his stead. Nor, for a long time, might she unriddle that strange thing.

Then of a sudden, at that time when the heat of the day was sloping toward the cooler part of the afternoon, she aroused herself because of a thought that had come on the instant to her.

So she called the damsel Mellicene to come to her, and she bade her to go and tell the gardener's lad for to fetch to the Lady Guinevere straightway a basket of fresh roses for to adorn her tower chamber.

So Mellicene went and did as she bade, and after considerable time the gardener's lad came bearing a great basket of roses. And, lo! he wore his cap upon his head. And all the damsels in waiting upon the Lady Guinevere, when they saw how he wore his cap in her presence, cried out upon him, and Mellicene of the White Hand demanded of him: "What! how now, Sir Boor! Dost thou know so little of what is due unto a king's daughter that thou dost wear thy cap even in the presence of the Lady Guinevere? Now, I bid thee straightway to take thy cap from off thy head."

And to her King Arthur made answer: "Lady, I dare not, for I have made a vow to myself not to remove it for a certain time."

"Then wear thy cap, blockhead," quoth the Lady Guinevere. "Only fetch thou the roses unto me."

And so at her bidding he brought the roses to her. But when he had come nigh unto the lady, she, of a sudden, snatched at the cap and plucked it from off his head. Then, lo! he was upon the instant transformed; for instead of the gardener's boy there stood before the Lady Guinevere and her damsels a noble young knight with hair and beard like threads of gold. Then he let fall his basket of roses, so that the flowers were scattered all over the floor, and he stood and looked at them all. And some of those damsels in attendance upon the Lady Guinevere shrieked, and others stood still from pure amazement and wist not how to believe what their eyes beheld. But not one of those ladies knew that he whom she beheld was King Arthur. Nevertheless the Lady Guinevere remembered that this was the knight whom she had found, so sorely wounded, lying in the hermit's cell in the forest.

Then she laughed and flung him back his cap again. "Take thy cap," quoth she, "and go thy ways, thou gardener's boy who durst not take off his hat." Thus she spoke because she was minded to mock him.

But King Arthur answered her not, but

straightway, with great soberness of aspect, set his cap upon his head again. So, resuming his humble guise once more, he turned and quitted that place, leaving the roses scattered all over the floor even as they had fallen.

CHAPTER II.

HOW KING ARTHUR FOUGHT WITH THE DUKE OF NORTH UMBER.

Now upon a certain day at this time there came a messenger to the court of King Leodegrance with news that King Rayence of North Wales and Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER were coming thither, and that they brought with them a very noble and considerable court of lords and knights. At this news King Leodegrance was much troubled in spirit, for he wist not what such a visit might betoken—and yet he greatly feared that it boded ill for him. So on that day when King Rayence and the Duke of North UMBER appeared before the castle, King Leodegrance went forth to greet them, and they three met together in the meadows that lie beneath the castle walls of Camilard.

There King Leodegrance bade those others welcome in such manner as was fitting, desiring them that they should come into the castle with him, so that he might entertain them according to their degree.

But to this courtesy upon the part of King Leodegrance King Rayence deigned no pleasing reply. "Nay," quoth he; "we go not with thee into thy castle, King Leodegrance, until we learn whether thou art our friend or our enemy. For just now we are certes no such good friends with thee that we care to sit down at thy table and eat of thy salt. Nor may we be aught but enemies of thine until thou hast first satisfied our demands—to wit, that thou givest to me those lands which I demand of thee, and that thou givest unto my cousin, Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER, the Lady Guinevere to be his wife. In these matters thou hast it in thy power to make us either thy friends or thine enemies. Wherefore we shall abide here outside of thy castle for the space of five days, in which time thou mayst frame thine answer, and so we may know accordingly whether we shall be friends or enemies."

"And in the meantime," quoth Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER, "I do hold myself ready for to contest my right unto the hand of the Lady Guinevere with any knight of thy court who hast a mind to deny my just title thereto; and if thou hast no knight in all thy court who can successfully assay a bout of arms with me, thou thyself canst hardly hope to succeed in defending thyself against that great army of knights whom King Rayence hath gathered together to bring against thee in case thou deniest us that which we ask."

Then was King Leodegrance exceedingly cast down in his spirits, for he feared those proud lords, and he wist not what to say in answer to them. Wherefore he turned and walked back into his castle again, beset with great anxiety and sorrow of spirit. And King Rayence and Duke Mordaunt and their court of lords and knights pitched their pavilions in those meadows over against the castle, so that the plain was entirely covered with those pavilions. And there they took up their inn with great rejoicing and with the sound of feasting and singing and merrymaking, for it was an exceeding noble court King Rayence had gathered about him.

And when the next morning had come, Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER went forth clad all in armor of proof. And he rode up and down the field before the castle and gave great challenge to those within—daring any knight to come forth for to meet him in knightly encounter. "Ho!" he cried. "How now, ye knights of Camilard! Is there no one to come forth to meet me? How then may ye hope to contend with the knights of North Wales an ye fear to meet with one single knight from North UMBER?" So he scoffed at them in his pride, and none dared to come forth from Camilard against him. For the Duke of North UMBER was one of the most famous knights of his day, and one of exceeding strength and success at arms, and there was now, in these times of peace, no one of King Leodegrance's court who was at all able to face a warrior of his renowned skill and valor. Wherefore no one took up that challenge which the Duke of North UMBER gave to the court of Camilard. And the people of Camilard,

who were gathered upon the walls, listened to him with shame and sorrow.

Now all this while King Arthur digged in the garden; but, nevertheless, he was well aware of everything that passed, and of how that the Duke of North UMBER rode up and down so proudly before the castle walls. So, of a sudden, it came to him that he could not abide this any longer. Wherefore he laid aside his spade and went out secretly by a postern-way and so up into the town.

Now there was in Camilard an exceedingly rich merchant, by name Ralph of Cardiff, and the renown of his possessions and his high estate had reached even unto King Arthur's ears at Carlion. Accordingly it was unto his house that King Arthur directed his steps.

And while he was in a narrow road, not far from the merchant's house, he took off his magic cap of disguise and assumed somewhat of his noble appearance once more, for he was now of a mind to show his knightliness unto those who looked upon him. Accordingly, when he stood before the rich merchant in his closet, and when the merchant looked up into his face, he wist not what to think to behold so noble a lord clad all in frieze. For though King Arthur was a stranger to the good man, so that he knew not his countenance, yet that merchant wist that he was no ordinary knight, but that he must assuredly be one of high degree and in authority, even though he was clad in homely garb.

Then King Arthur opened the breast of his jerkin and showed the merchant the gold collar that hung around his neck. And also he showed beneath the rough coat of frieze how that there was a tunic of fine purple silk embroidered with gold. And then he showed to the good man his own signet-ring; and when the merchant saw it he knew it to be the ring of the King of Britain. Wherefore, beholding these tokens of high and lordly authority, the merchant arose and stood before the king and doffed his cap.

"Sir Merchant," quoth the king, "know that I am a stranger knight in disguise in this place. Ne'theless, I may tell thee that I am a very good friend to King Leodegrance and wish him exceeding well. Now thou art surely aware of how the Duke of North UMBER rides continually up and down before the king's castle, and

challenges any one within to come forth for to fight against him in behalf of the Lady Guinevere. Now I am of a mind to assay that combat mine own self, and I hope a very great deal that I shall succeed in upholding the honor of Camilard and of bringing shame upon its enemies.

"Sir Merchant, I know very well that thou hast several suits of noble armor in thy treasury, for the fame of them hath reached unto mine ears, though I dwell a considerable distance from this place. Wherefore I desire that thou shalt provide me in the best manner that thou art able to do, so that I may straightway assay a bout of arms with that Duke of North UMBER. Moreover, I do pledge thee my knightly word that thou shalt be fully recompensed for the best suit of armor that thou canst let me have, and that in a very little while after the contest."

"My lord," said Master Ralph, "I perceive that thou art no ordinary errant knight, but rather some one of extraordinary estate; wherefore it is a very great pleasure to fulfil all thy behests."

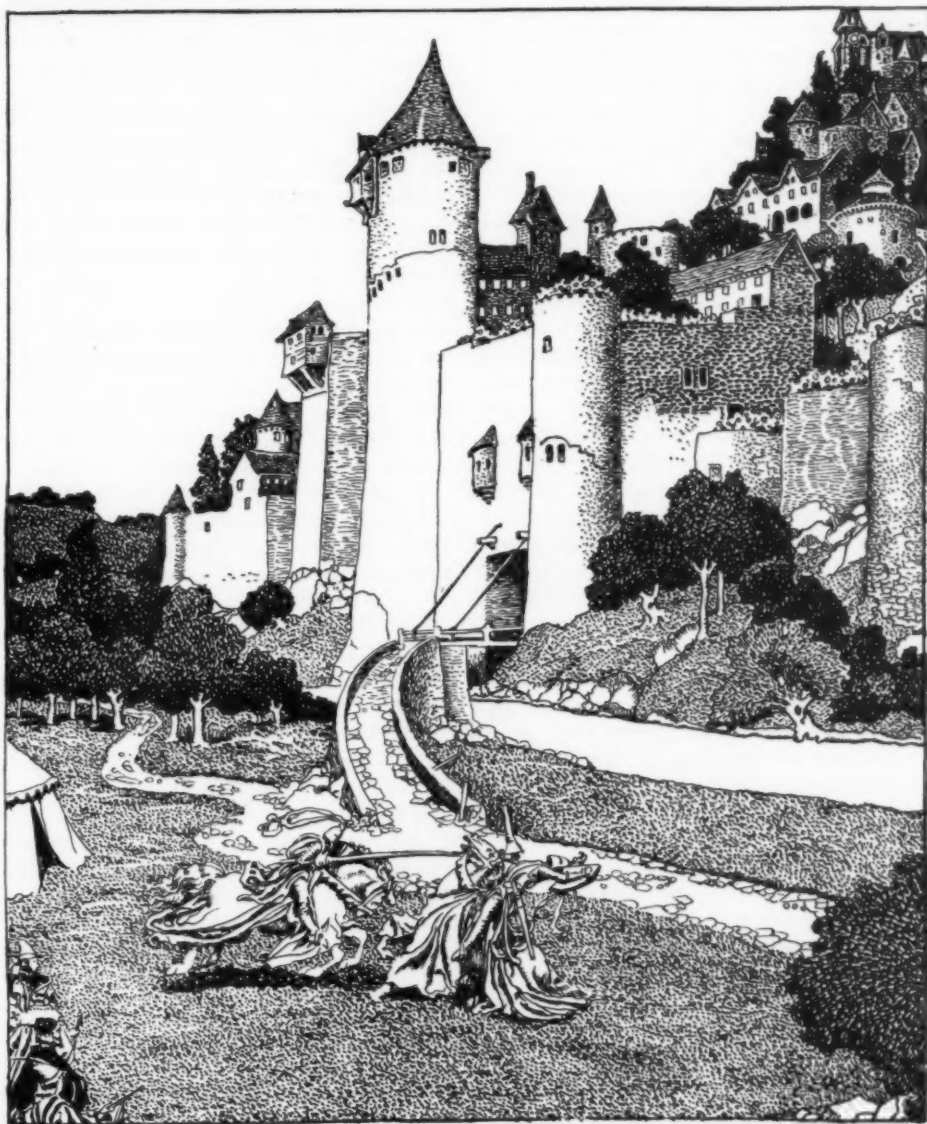
Then six pages took the king to an apartment of great state, where they clad him in a suit of Spanish armor, very cunningly wrought and all inlaid with gold. And the like of that armor was hardly to be found in all of the land. And the jupon and the several trappings of the armor were all of satin and as white as milk. And the shield was white, and altogether without emblazonment or device of any sort. Then these attendants conducted the king into the courtyard, and there stood a noble war-horse as white as milk, and all the trappings of the horse were of milk-white cloth without emblazonment or adornment of any sort; and the bridle and the bridle-rein were all studded over with bosses of silver.

Then after the attendants had aided King Arthur to mount this steed, the lordly merchant came forward and gave him many words of good cheer; and so the king bade him adieu and rode away, all shining in white and glittering in fine armor.

And as he drave down the stony streets of the town the people turned and gazed after him in admiration, for he made a very noble appearance as he passed along the narrow streets between the many houses of the town.



Two Knights do battle before Camilard



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

So King Arthur directed his way unto the postern-gate of the castle, and having reached that place, he dismounted and tied his horse. Then he straightway entered the garden, and there, finding an attendant, he made demand that he should have present speech with the Lady Guinevere. So the attendant, all amazed at his lordly presence, went and delivered the message, and by and by the Lady Guinevere came, much wondering, and passed along a gallery, with several of her damsels, until she had come over above where King Arthur was. And when King Arthur looked up and saw her above him, he loved her exceeding well.

And he said to her: "Lady, I have great will to do thee such honor as I am able. For I now go forth to do combat with that Duke of North UMBER who rides up and down before the castle. Moreover, I hope and verily believe that I shall encompass his downfall. Accordingly I do beseech of thee some token such as a lady may give unto a knight for to wear when that knight rides forth to do her honor."

Then the Lady Guinevere said: "Certes, Sir Knight, I would that I knew who thou art. Yet, though I know not, I am altogether willing for to take thee for my champion, as thou offerest. So, touching that token thou speakest of, if thou wilt tell me what thing it is that thou desirest, I will gladly give it to thee."

"An that be so, lady," said King Arthur, "I would fain have that necklace that thou wearest about thy throat. For meseems that if I had that tied about my arm I would find my valor greatly increased thereby."

"Pardee, Sir Knight," said the lady, "what thou desirest of me, that thou shalt assuredly have." Thereupon speaking, she took from her shoulders the necklace of pearls which she wore, and dropped the same down to King Arthur where he stood.

And King Arthur took the necklace and tied it about his arm, and he gave great thanks for it. Then he saluted the Lady Guinevere with very knightly grace, and she saluted him, and then straightway he went forth from that place, greatly uplifted with joy that the Lady Guinevere had shown him so much favor.

Now, the report had gone about Camilard that a knight was to go forth to fight with the

Duke of North UMBER. Whereupon great crowds gathered all upon the walls, and King Leodegrance and the Lady Guinevere and all the court of the king came to that part of the castle walls overlooking the meadow where the Duke of North UMBER had pitched his tent.

Then of a sudden the portcullis of the castle was uplifted and the bridge let fall, and the White Champion rode forth to that encounter which he had undertaken. And as he rode across that narrow bridge and came out into the sunlight, lo! his armor flamed of a sudden like unto lightning; and when the people saw him they shouted aloud.

Then when the Duke of North UMBER beheld a knight all clad in white, he rode straightway to him and spoke to him with words of knightly greeting. "Messire," said he, "I perceive that thou bearest no crest upon thy helm, nor hast thou device of any sort upon thy shield, wherefore I know not who thou art. Ne'theless, I do believe that thou art a knight of good quality and of approved courage, or else thou wouldst not have thus come to this place."

"Certes, Sir Knight," said King Arthur, "I am of a quality equal with thine own. And as for my courage, I do believe that it hath been approved in as many encounters as even thine own hath been."

"Sir Knight," quoth the Duke of UMBER, "thou speakest with a very high spirit. Ne'theless, thou mayst make such prayers as thou art able, for I shall now presently so cast thee down from thy seat that thou shalt never rise again; for so have I served better men than ever thou mayst hope to be."

To this King Arthur made answer with great calmness of demeanor: "That shall be according to the will of Heaven, Sir Knight, and not according to thy will."

So each knight saluted the other and rode to his assigned station, and there each dressed his spear and his shield and made him ready for the encounter. Then a silence so great fell upon all that a man might hear his own heart beat in the stillness. And so, for a small space, each knight sat like a statue made of iron. Then, of a sudden, each shouted to his war-horse, and drave spur into its flank, and launched forth from his station. And so they met in the

midst of the course with a noise like unto a violent thunder-clap. And, lo! the spear of the Duke of North UMBER burst into splinters unto the very truncheon thereof; but the spear of King Arthur broke not, but held, so that the duke was cast out of his saddle like a windmill, whirling in the air and smiting the earth so that the ground shook beneath him. And he rolled full three times over and over ere he lay still.

Then all the people upon the wall shouted with might and main, so that the noise thereof was altogether astonishing; for they had hardly hoped that their champion, whose name, even, they knew not, would prove so extraordinarily strong and skilful.

Meanwhile those of King Rayence's court ran immediately to the Duke of UMBER where he lay upon the earth, and straightway unlaced his helm for to give him air. And first they thought that he was dead, and then they thought that he was like to die; for, behold! he lay without any life or motion. Nor did he recover from that swoon in which he lay for the space of full two hours and more.

Now whilst the attendants were thus busied about Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER, King Arthur sat his horse very quietly, observing all

that they did. Then, perceiving that his enemy was not dead, he turned him about and rode away from that place.

Nor did he return unto Camilard at that time, for he deemed that he had not yet entirely done with these enemies to the peace of his realm, wherefore he was minded not yet to return the horse and the armor to the merchant, but to keep them awhile for another occasion.

So he bethought him of how, coming to Camilard, he had passed through an arm of the forest where certain wood-choppers were at work felling the trees. Wherefore, remembering that place, he thought that he would betake him thither and leave his horse and armor in the care of those rude folk until he would need those things again. So now he rode away into the country-side, leaving behind him the town and the castle and all the noise of shouting and rejoicing; nor did he once so much as turn his head to look back toward that place where he had so violently overthrown his enemy.

And now you shall presently hear of certain pleasant adventures of a very joyous sort that befell King Arthur ere he had accomplished all his purposes; so listen unto what follows.

(To be continued.)



R. Hyde



MR. RHINO: "GLASSES MAY BE ALL RIGHT FOR SOME PEOPLE, BUT THEY DON'T SEEM
TO DO ME A BIT OF GOOD."

A MINIATURE CHIEFTAIN.

BY E. W. DEMING.



AGOYA.

era as I took a snap-shot at a group of boys among whom he was standing. He had a dread of the camera, and it made him very angry. We were too good friends to quarrel, but he felt he must punish some one, so, like a flash, he jumped on the nearest boy, whom he sent rolling on the ground in no time. But, with all his pride and temper, he was a generous boy.

My interest in him was no greater than his in me, and we soon became very good friends. He would follow me on long tramps when I was out with my gun, and he took great delight in picking up the game, always stealing up and planting one of his

ONCE upon a time, away out in New Mexico, in one of the old pueblos on the Rio Grande, there was a young warrior born among tillers of the soil. His father had been left at the pueblo by a wandering band of Utes because he was too sick to travel. Upon his recovery, he liked the life, and determined to cast his lot with the Pueblo tribe. A council of the governor and his twelve subchiefs was held, he was received into the tribe, and a small piece of land apportioned out to him. The Ute married a Pueblo maiden, and their first son was named Agoya (Star)—the little warrior mentioned at the beginning of this story.

Agoya's first exploits had been with a couple of bear-cubs that he used as playfellows, and frequent were the rough-and-tumble fights he had had with them.

When I went out to live with his people, the young brave had passed his eighth winter, and was a straight, manly little fellow. I noticed him at once among the band of small Pueblo boys, as he was quite different from them in build and looks. He had all the characteristics of the nomad or roving Indian, while his Pueblo playmates were like their own peace-loving tribe. He was reserved and dignified, with a quick temper, which he controlled in a way quite beyond his years, although sometimes it would flare up, as it did one day when he heard the click of my cam-



"AGOYA'S FIRST EXPLOITS HAD BEEN WITH A COUPLE OF BEAR-CUBS."

tiny arrows in the bird or beast, and then rushing in and seizing it, in true warrior style.

Our hunts were silent, as neither understood the other's language; but he comprehended every motion I made, and there was a bond of sympathy between us—the love of nature—that made our trips very pleasant. This small brave had a knowledge of nature that would put to shame most civilized boys of twice his years. Many times he took the lead, and seldom failed to find what he was after.

Sometimes we would take our ponies across the river, and ride up into the cañons, spending the day wandering about the little parks, or climbing to the almost inaccessible prehistoric

was too small to attract his attention, and then the craft of his hunting ancestors would come forth. He would glide upon the game with the stealth of a cat, and more than once he came strutting back with a bird or little cottontail tied to his belt.

The little Ute was a leading spirit among the more docile Pueblo boys, whom he ruled like a little chief, and many were the forays he led against stray dogs from another village. Even in the adult dances his small figure, dressed in regular dance costume, would be seen bobbing up and down in perfect time to the beat of a drum.

During the hot, dry summer weather the people slept on their roofs, and with the first



"HE WOULD FOLLOW ME ON LONG TRAMPS WHEN I WAS OUT WITH MY GUN, AND HE TOOK GREAT DELIGHT IN PICKING UP THE GAME."

stone villages on top of the *mesas*, there to hunt for stone arrow-tips, axes, and other remains of the old Pueblos. His eyes were very keen, and many were the additions he made to my collection. All the time the spirit of the hunter was uppermost in him; no animal

streak of light in the east the pueblo was astir. Down in the plaza, the children would be playing at their various games, many of them with little brothers or sisters strapped to their backs. Among them, leading in some heroic sport, I would always see my miniature chieftain.

One evening, as the shadows lengthened and the wind subsided, I went around behind a sandstone *butte* that stood up from the plain like an old castle, and climbed on top, where

made for his own village, yelping at every jump. He had come to forage upon the enemy's camp, but Agoya and his band soon drove him off. It was a glorious victory for



"SUDDENLY THERE WERE SHRILL WAR-WHOOPS AND YELLS. A BIG DOG, RUSHING OUT, MADE FOR THE VILLAGE."

I could, unobserved, watch the maneuvers of these miniature warriors. Upon reaching the summit I saw the band sneaking along through the sage-brush, crouching, and keeping a sharp lookout for an imaginary enemy. In the lead was Agoya. He made a motion with his hand, and the boys disappeared like a flock of young quail. Presently I saw the little Ute crawl cautiously through the sage, stop, gaze intently at some object lying in a bunch of grass, and crawl back to his comrades. Soon the little dark figures surrounded the enemy, bows drawn, miniature spears and tomahawks in readiness. Suddenly there were shrill war-whoops and yells. A big dog, rushing out,

the warriors, and all without the loss of a man.

Such a victory had to be celebrated, and soon they were in the midst of a scalp-dance in exact imitation of their elders, with bunches of long grass to imitate scalps, tied to sticks and carried by several of their number, while the others danced about them. In a short time they were off again, and the last I saw of the valiant leader and his band, they were having a great buffalo-hunt, as they had surrounded an old bleached buffalo skull, which was attacked with great vigor, and, I have no doubt, furnished a goodly supply of imaginary buffalo-meat for the little savage band.



A LIVE-OAK IN A CITY PARK.*

THE CITY THAT LIVES OUTDOORS.

By W. S. HARWOOD.

WHEN the wind is howling through the days of the mad March far up in the lands where snow and ice thick cover the earth, here in this city that lives outdoors the roses are clambering over the "galleries" and the wistaria is drooping in purplish splendor from the low branches of the trees and from the red heights of brick walls.

The yellow jonquils, too, are swelling, and the geraniums are throwing out their scarlet flame across wide stretches of greensward, while the violets are nodding at the feet of the gigantic magnolias, whose huge yellowish-gray buds will soon burst into white beauty, crowning this noblest of flower-bearing trees.

It is a strange old city, this city that lives outdoors—a city rich in romantic history, throbbing with tragedy and fascinating events, a beautiful old city, with a child by its side as beautiful as the mother. The child is the newer,

more modern city, and the child, like the parent, lives out of doors.

The people of the South seem to come into closer touch with nature than the people of most other portions of the land. The climate, the constant invitation of the earth and sky, seem to demand a life lived in the open. This city that lives outdoors is a real city, with all a city's varied life; but it is a country place as well—a city set in the country, or the country moved into town.

For at least nine months in the twelve, the people of this rare old town live out of doors nearly all the waking hours of the twenty-four. For the remaining three months of the year, December, January, and February, they delude themselves into the notion that they are having a winter, when they gather around a winter-time hearth and listen to imaginary wind-roarings in the chimney, and see through the

* From a photograph by Moore, New Orleans.

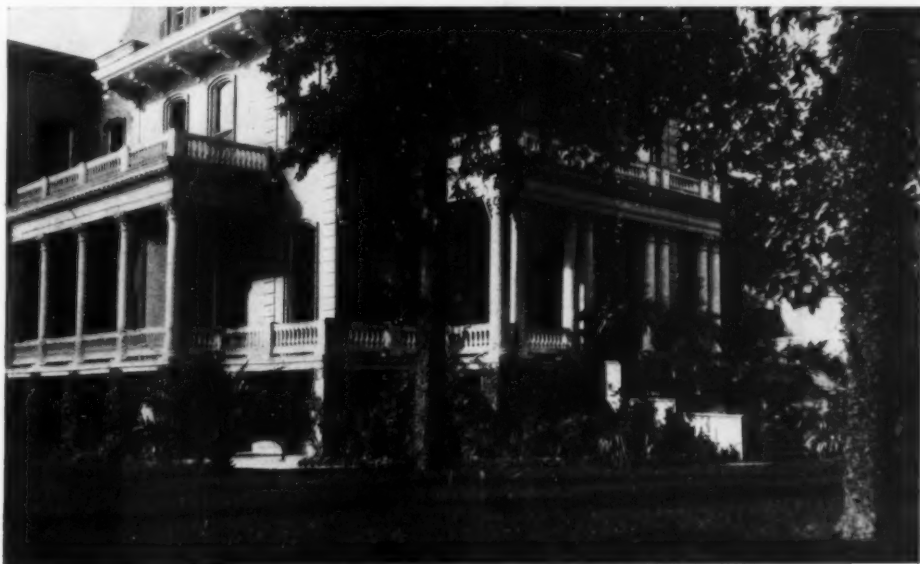
panes fictitious and spectral snow-storms, and dream that they are housed so snug and warm. But when the day comes the sun is shining and there is no trace of white on the ground, and the grass is green and there are industrious buds breaking out of cover, and the earth is sleeping very lightly. Open-eyed, the youngsters sit by these December firesides and listen to their elders tell of the snow-storms in the long ago that came so very, very deep — ah, yes, so deep that the darkies were full of fear and would not stir from their cabins to do the work of the white people; when snowballs were flying in the streets, and the earth was white, and the "banquettes," or sidewalk walks, were ankle-deep in slush.

All the long years of the two centuries since this old city was born, a mighty river has been flowing by its doors, never so far forgetting its purpose to live outdoors as to freeze its yellow crest, stealing softly past by night and by day,

being nearly thirty feet above the streets in time of flood. It is held in its course by vast banks of earth.

It is a cold, drear March where the north star shines high overhead; but here, where it seems suddenly to have lost its balance and to have dropped low in the brilliant night, March is like June. It is June indeed, June with its wealth of grasses, its noble avenue of magnolias, its great green spread of live-oaks — most magnificent of Southern trees; June with its soft balm, and its sweet sunshine, and its perfume-laden air. And if you have never seen the pole star in the sky of the north, where the star is almost directly over your head, you cannot realize how strange a sight it is to see it so low in the sky as it is here.

How does it happen that this city of three hundred thousand souls lives outdoors? I suppose one may in a measure explain it by the



A FINE RESIDENCE IN THE GARDEN DISTRICT, SHOWING THE GALLERY.

bearing along the city's front a vast commerce on down to the blue waters of the Gulf, and enriching the city by its cargoes from the outer world and from the plantations of the upper river. Strangely enough, the great yellow river flows above the city, its surface

climate, with its long, summer-time languor; or maybe it is in part due to that inborn dislike for walls and roofs which is found in people living hard by the tropics; and yet I fancy it is still more because of the nature of the people themselves. They have made the fashion of the

gallery and the banquette and the hedged-in court and the boulevard—a fashion you will not



THE SPANISH DAGGER IN BLOOM.

be slow to adopt when once you have come under the spell of this beautiful city in the country.

There is a large garden in this city—it is, in fact, a part of the city proper. It was once a beautiful faubourg, now known as the Garden District, where the people live outdoors in a fine old aristocratic way, and where all the beauty in nature seen in the other sections of the city seems to be outdone. Very many rare old homes are in this garden region, with its deep hedges and ample grounds, inclosed in high stone walls, and a wealth of flowers and noble courts and an abounding hospitality. But what, after all, are

houses to a people that lives outdoors? Conveniences only; for such a people, better than houses are the air of the open, the scent of the roses, the blue of the Southern sky, the vast, strong sweep of the brilliant stars!

If we pause here along this street where run such every-day things as electric street-cars, we shall see on one side of the splendid avenue a smooth-paved roadway for the carriages, on the other a course for the horsemen, and in the center a noble inner avenue of trees set in a velvet-like carpet of grass; and here and there along the way, almost in touch of your hand from the open car window, appears the Spanish dagger, with its green, sharp blades and its snowy, showy plume. Not far away stands a lowly negro cabin, where the sun beats down hot and fierce upon a great straggling rose-bush, reaching up to the eaves, beating back the rays of the sun defiantly and gaining fresh strength in the struggle. On such a bush one day I counted two hundred and ninety roses.

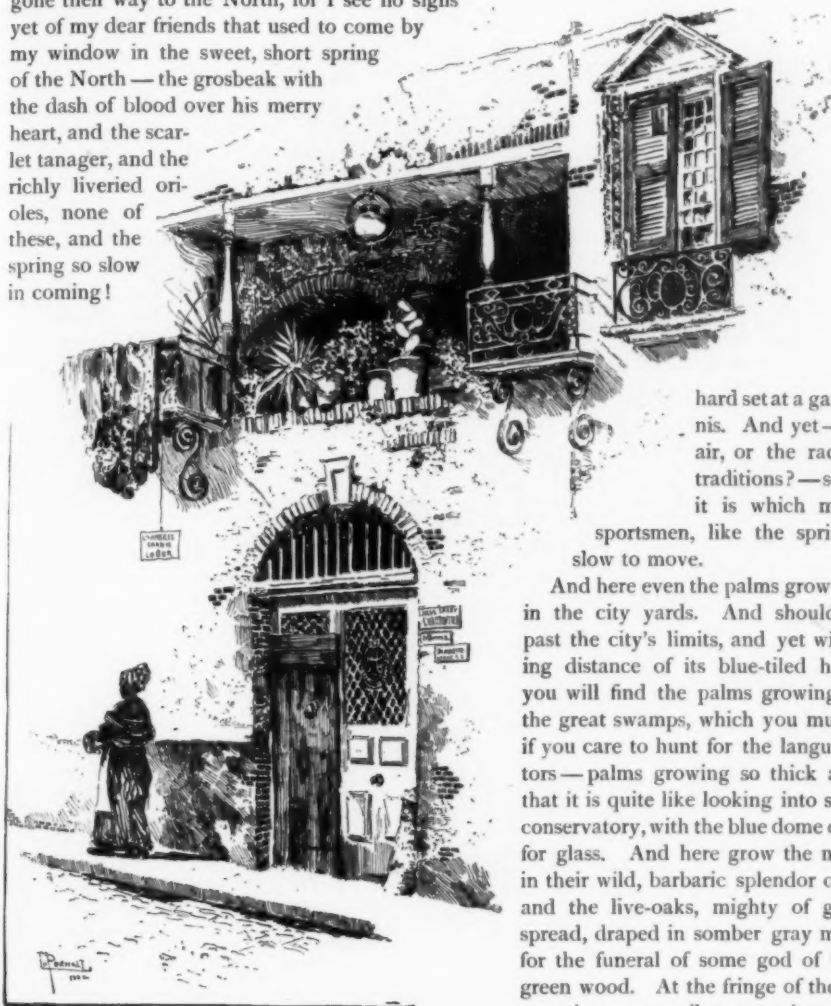
For weeks I have watched the spring come on. I think it must be nature's way of moving, this slow, slow pace of the South. In my Northwestern home, where the snows are some days suddenly swept away in a torrent of rain or under an unseasonably hot sun, there is no spring; only a few brief days of bud and burst—lo, before you lies the summer; and the swift leaves have lost their delicate green and



ALLIGATORS IN THE PARK.

the earth is thirsty for rain. But here the trees are so lazy! The live-oaks have been loitering

along their way to greenness, the birds seem sleeping away the fair days, or else they have gone their way to the North, for I see no signs yet of my dear friends that used to come by my window in the sweet, short spring of the North — the grosbeak with the dash of blood over his merry heart, and the scarlet tanager, and the richly liveried orioles, none of these, and the spring so slow in coming!



A PICTURESQUE FRONT IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.

This city which lives outdoors must play most in the open, and in its noble park, with its vast stretches of bright green, here empurpled by masses of the dainty grass-flower, there yellowing with the sheen of the buttercup, one finds the tireless golf-players leisurely strolling over the links; from yonder come the cries of the boys at ball; and in the farther distance you

may see through the frame-like branches of a giant live-oak the students of a great university

hard set at a game of tennis. And yet — is it the air, or the race, or the traditions? — something it is which makes the sportsmen, like the spring, seem slow to move.

And here even the palms grow outdoors in the city yards. And should you go past the city's limits, and yet within seeing distance of its blue-tiled housetops, you will find the palms growing rank in the great swamps, which you must search if you care to hunt for the languid alligators — palms growing so thick and rank that it is quite like looking into some vast conservatory, with the blue dome of the sky for glass. And here grow the magnolias in their wild, barbaric splendor of bloom, and the live-oaks, mighty of girth and spread, draped in somber gray moss as if for the funeral of some god of the deep green wood. At the fringe of the swamp, tempting you until near to jumping into the morass after them, are the huge fleurs-de-lis, each gorgeous blossom fully seven inches across its purple top.

To the north, somewhat apart from the reach of the treacherous river, lie the health-giving piny woods, and along the big, sullen stream the sugar plantations, some of them still the home of a lavish hospitality, some of them transformed into mere places of trade, where

thrift and push have elbowed out all that fine gallantry and ease and ample hospitality of an earlier day—that hospitality which will ever

sugar or cotton or rice. For such the gallery is a haven of rest. If they must pass the earlier day indoors, for them the gallery during the long,



MOSS-DRAPE LIVE-OAKS JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY.

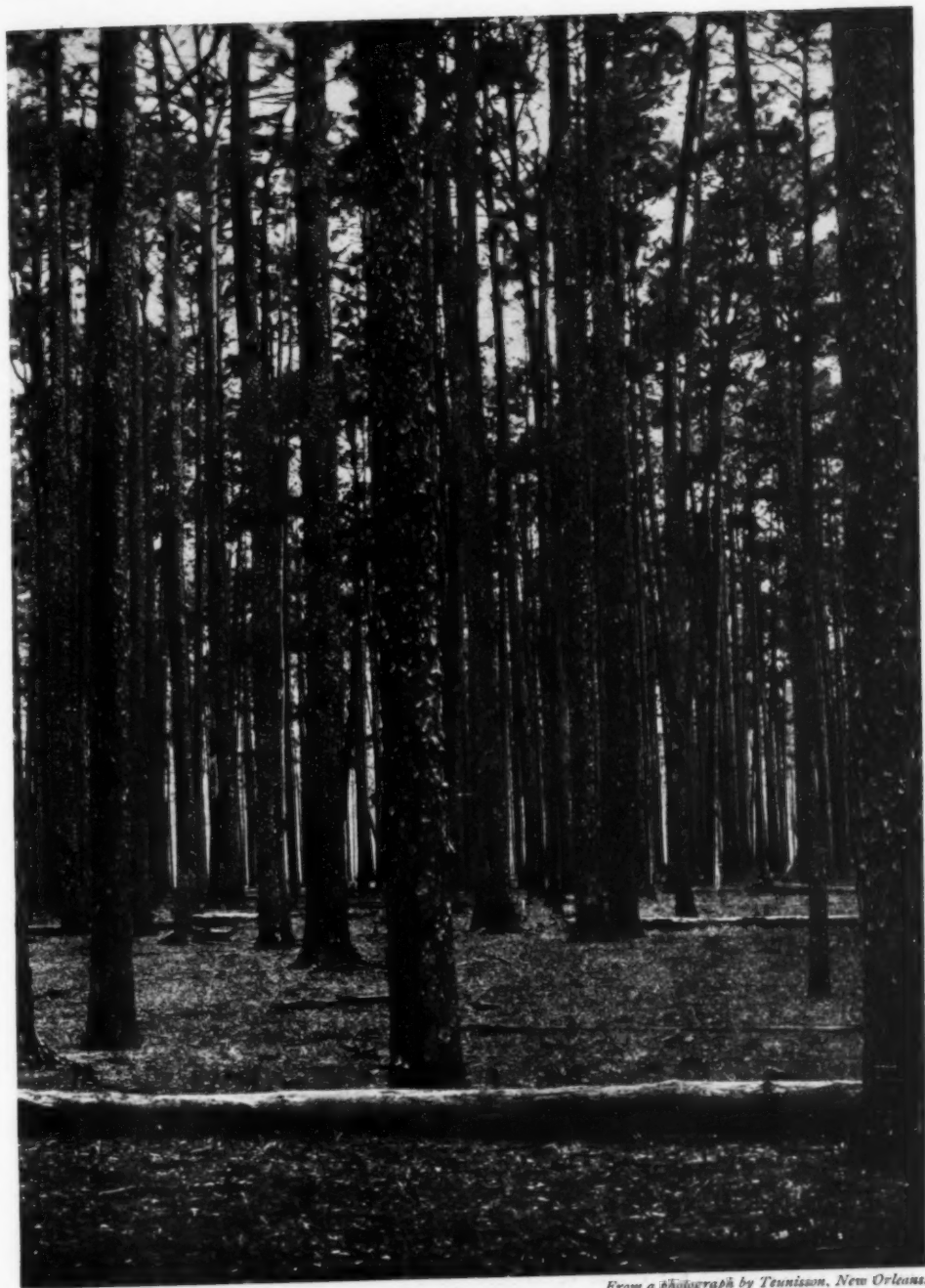
late afternoon, and the ghost of a twilight, and the long evenings far into the starry night. The ghost of a twilight indeed—these people of the South know no other. Sometimes I have watched the long, splendid twilight come down over the wild Canadian forest—slowly delaying; creeping up the low mountains; halting from hour to hour in the glades below; shade after shade in the glorious sky of the west gradually merging into the dimness of the oncoming dusk; the moments passing so slowly, the day fading so elusively, until, at last, when even the low moon has hung out its silver sign in the west and the stars are pricking through, it is still twilight along the lower earth. And still farther to the north, around the globe in the far upper Europe, with

remain a leading characteristic of this people. To be a Southern man or a Southern woman and to be inhospitable—that is not possible in the nature of things.

It is, when all is said and done, on the gallery that this city lives most of its life—on the gallery even more than on the evening-thronged banquettes, which is the sidewalk of the North, or the boulevards, or even the fragrant parks, where life flows in a fair, placid stream. Some there must be who toil by day in shop, or at counter, or in dim accounting-rooms, or on the floors of the marts where fortunes are made and lost in

the polar circle below you, it is like living on a planet of eternal day to sit through the northern light and feel about you the all-pervasive twilight of the land of the midnight sun. But the night is so hasty here, and the day is swift; and between them runs but a slender, dim thread.

The gallery is a feature of every house in this city that lives outdoors, be it big or little, humble or grand, or lowly or mean. It is on the first floor or the second, or even the third, though the third it seldom reaches, for few people care for houses of great height. Indeed, there are hundreds of homes of but one story,



FAR IN THE PINEY WOODS. *From a photograph by Tounison, New Orleans.*

full of the costliest tokens of the taste of an artistic people. And the soil below is so like

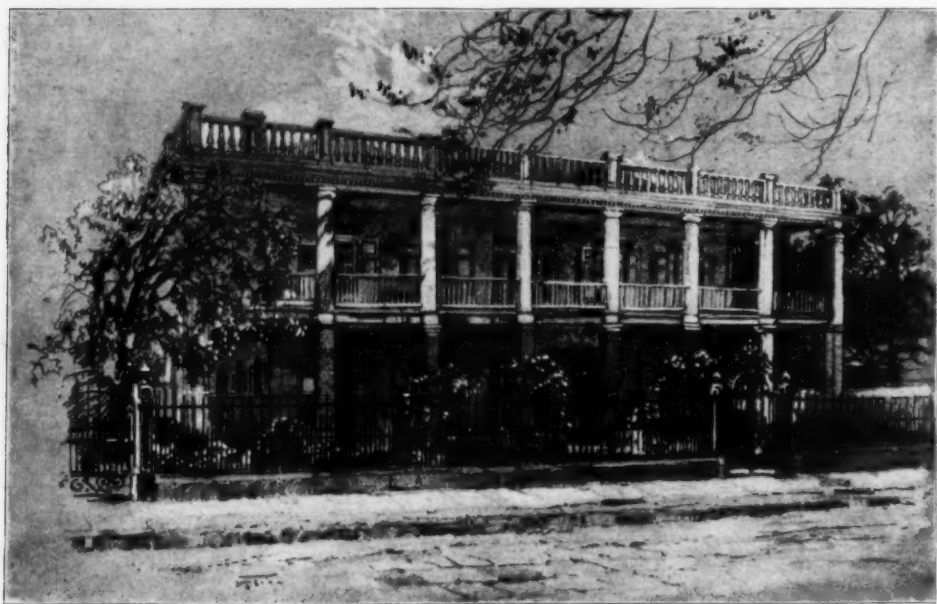
it may be but a single cheap wooden affair, paintless, dingy, dilapidated, weather-worn, and stained with neglect; but a gallery it is still, an important social feature of this outdoor life.



OLD SPANISH HOUSES.

a morass that ample space must be left between floor and earth; while as for cellars, I have heard of but two in all the great city. The gallery may run around the entire house, flanked and set off by splendid pillars with capitals rich and ornate; it may run across one end of the residence and be a marvel of rich

discuss their little family affairs. But lightly these latter must be done, for there is a gallery on every house and the sounds of the night fly far. By day the galleries are protected with gay-colored awnings or those filmy woven sheets of reeds which keep out the glare and let through the light and the fragrant breeze.



OLD PLANTATION VILLA ON ANNUNCIATION STREET.

ironwork, as fine as art and handicraft can make it, with, mayhap, the figures of its field outlined in some bit of color, as gold or green;

Children make of the gallery a play-house; young people here entertain their friends; the elders discuss the affairs of a nation or dwell

on that wonderful past through which this ancient Southern city has come tumultuously down through the lines of Castilian and Saxon and Gaul.

If you should take your map of the United States and run your finger far down its surface

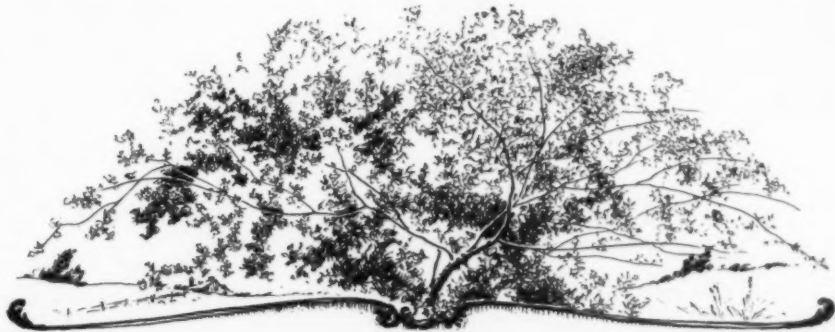
through the centuries; or, better still, if you should stroll along the streets on a sweet March day, peering into its curious quarters, watching the beautiful little children and the dark-eyed men and the gaily dressed women and all the throngs of people, city people who can never



EVEN THE HUMBLEST HOMES MUST HAVE THEIR CAREFULLY KEPT HEDGES.

until it rested upon the largest city in all the beautiful South, the one which is the second largest export city on the American continent, and the metropolis of a vast inner empire which holds two civilizations, one French-Spanish, one American, both slowly, very slowly, merging

long remain away from the green fields and the noble old trees and the scent of the roses—then you could not fail to hit upon this charming old place, New Orleans—in many ways the most interesting of all the cities in America, the beautiful city that lives outdoors.



THE POOR UNFORTUNATE HOTTENTOT.

(Nonsense Verse.)

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



This poor unfortunate Hottentot,
He was not content with his lottentot;
Quoth he, "For my dinner,
As I am a sinner,
There 's nothing to put in the pottentot!"

This poor unfortunate Hottentot
Cried: "Yield to starvation I 'll nottentot;
I 'll get me a cantaloup,
Or else a young antelope,
One who 'll enjoy being shottentot."



This poor unfortunate Hottentot,
His bow and his arrows he gottentot;
And being stout-hearted,
At once he departed,
And struck through the bush at a trottentot.



This poor unfortunate Hottentot,
When several miles from his cottentot,
He chanced to set eyes on
A snake that was p'ison,
A-tying itself in a knottentot.



Then this poor unfortunate Hottentot
Remarked: "This for me is no spottentot!
I 'd better be going;
There 's really no knowing
If he 's trying to charm me, or whattentot!"



This poor unfortunate Hottentot
Was turning to flee to his grottentot,
When a lioness met him,
And suddenly "et" him,
As a penny 's engulfed by the slottentot.



MORAL:

This poor unfortunate Hottentot
Had better have borne with his lottentot,
And grown even thinner
For lack of a dinner.
But I should have had, then, no plottentot!

THE PEAR-TREE.

By KATHARINE PYLE.



I.

MAMA had one morning been baking
Some little cakes, spicy and sweet.
"May I have some?" said James. "Not
at present,"
Said mama; "you've had plenty to
eat."
But mama was called out of the kitchen;
The cakes looked so tempting and
nice
That James filled his pockets and
satchel,
And ran out of doors in a trice.



II.

As James ran along with his spice-cakes,
He looked up, and what should he
see,
Beyond a high wall, but a pear-tree
With ripe yellow pears on the tree.
Thought James, "If I only could reach
them,
With cakes they would taste very
good."
Then in through the gate he went creep-
ing —
I wonder, myself, how he could!



III.

But a terrible witch owned this pear-
tree;
Out into the garden came she.
"Ho!" she cried. "So at last I have
caught you —
The boy who's been robbing my tree."
The wicked witch called out her
daughter;
"Come watch by this pear-tree," she
said,
"And I will go fetch out the ladder
I have laid away in the shed."



IV.

But James took the cakes from his
satchel,
And soon he had scattered them round;
And the witch-girl went hunting and
stooping
To gather them up from the ground;
Then the satchel James dressed in his
jacket,
And set his old hat on it straight,
And slid down the tree in a jiffy,
And hurried away to the gate.



V.

When the cakes had been gathered and
eaten,
The witch-girl looked up at the tree,
And there, just like James, sat the
satchel,
As quiet and still as could be.
Out comes the old witch with the lad-
der;
She says, "I've a plan of my own:
I'll take this boy in and I'll flog him;
Henceforth he'll leave our trees alone."



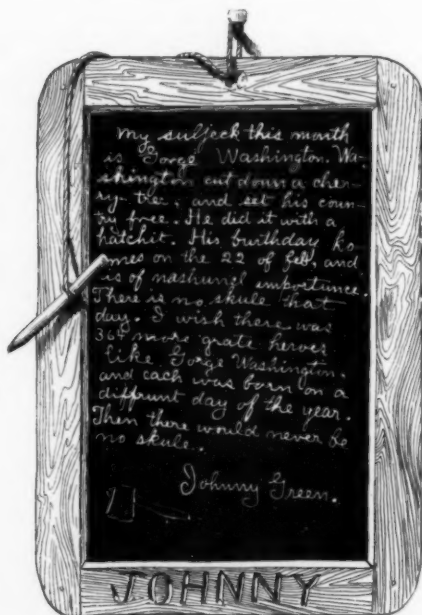
VI.

They both began climbing the ladder,
But, rumplety-dumplety-dump!
The pears and the satchel came tum-
bling
About them with many a thump;
And there they sat rubbing their
bruises,
And staring up into the tree;
But James has been taught a good les-
son,
And henceforth less greedy will be.

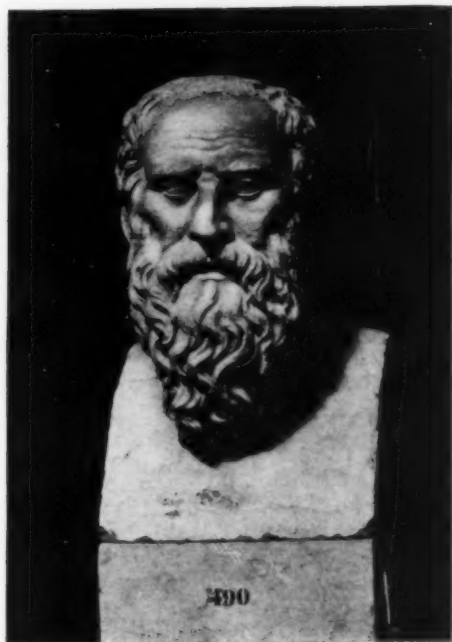


A CRITICAL MOMENT: GENERAL JAMIE FITZ-HUGH MARMION BRUCE McDOUGALL IS UNDECIDED WHETHER TO FALL UPON THE ENEMY'S RIGHT FLANK AND DELIVER A CRUSHING BLOW, OR TO RETIRE WITH HIS GALLANT FOLLOWERS TO A STRONGHOLD BEHIND THE SOFA AND WATCH DEVELOPMENTS. IN THE MEANTIME COLONEL BARKER AWAITS ORDERS.

JOHNNY
GREEN'S
COMPOSITION



ON
GEORGE
WASHINGTON.



AN ANTIQUE BUST OF DIOGENES.

AN OLD-TIME PHILOSOPHER.

BY ELEANOR LEWIS.

FAR back in ancient days, when Alexander the Great was the ruler of Greece, and was extending his dominion over a vast empire, there lived in Athens a queer, quaint old man named Diogenes, who delighted in showing his contempt for honors, riches, and the luxuries of life. He used to say that it was godlike not to need anything. His own possessions consisted of a cloak, a wallet, a staff, and a wooden cup; and it is said that he even threw away the cup after having seen a boy drink from the hollow of his hand. He had no dwelling, and depended almost entirely upon charity for food; and it is said that when no better shelter offered itself, he lived in a big cask, or tub.

He has passed down in history as the man who carried a lighted lantern through the streets of Athens at broad noon, searching, as he

told all questioners, for an *honest man*! And his name is no doubt familiar to many young readers of ST. NICHOLAS, not only from this incident, but because of his celebrated retort to Alexander the Great. When that mighty conqueror went to see Diogenes he found him sitting in the sun in front of his tub.

"I am Alexander the Great," said the Grecian monarch.

"And I am Diogenes the philosopher," replied the other.

"What service can I render to you?" asked Alexander, to which Diogenes replied:

"You can stand out of my sunlight."

But Alexander showed true courtesy, for he is reported to have said to one of his officers who resented Diogenes' rudeness: "If I were not Alexander, I would choose to be Diogenes."



DIOGENES AND ALEXANDER. (FROM THE TAPESTRY AT HAMPTON COURT.)

The great English artist, Sir Edwin Landseer, once painted a picture which he called "Diogenes and Alexander," in which Diogenes is represented by a shaggy cur lying in his tub, and Alexander by a well-groomed, pampered dog standing haughtily before him.

With all his faults, the old philosopher of Athens was often called "Diogenes the Wise." Whether his wisdom was really so great as to deserve that title may be doubted. But his worst faults seem to have been good qualities carried to excess. In opposing too much luxury, he cut himself off from the comforts of life; in his eagerness to make life simple, he lost sight of its gentilities; he was saving at the expense of neatness, truthful at the cost of

rude, "walking philosopher" of his time, and Plato, the polished and aristocratic gentleman.

For Plato, one of the wisest men of all the ages, delighted in refinement, finding art even in the tie of his sandal-latchets and the curl of his perfumed beard, while, at the same time, he devoted himself with true interest to the deep problems of philosophy. But Diogenes had no patience with niceties, and held a very indifferent opinion of Plato. "A shallow fellow, a terrible talker," he called him, and contemptuously spoke of his eloquent speeches as "diatribes," or scoldings. Once he asked Plato for a handful of dried figs, and, when the kindly philosopher sent double the quantity, he remarked: "Will you, if asked how many two and



SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S PAINTING, "DIOGENES AND ALEXANDER."

courtesy, and plain-spoken even to rudeness. One would say that he was coarse-grained by nature; but he showed signs of tenderness, and even refinement, which proved that the grain was not entirely coarse, and which make us wonder at an age that could produce two men so wise and yet so different as Diogenes, the

two make, answer 'twenty'? For you neither give with reference to what you are asked for, nor do you answer with reference to the question put." (Nevertheless, he kept all the figs!)

Indeed, pride shone through Diogenes' rags, and once gave Plato a capital chance for retort. Our sharp-tongued critic went uninvited one

day to Plato's house when guests were there, and with dusty feet rudely strode up and down over the rich carpets, saying, "Thus do I

the fingers," emphasizing the importance of frankness and honesty.

To his stern old master, Antisthenes, he behaved with the kindness of a son. In his youth Diogenes became the disciple of Antisthenes, who was then a celebrated teacher. When he first applied, however, he was refused admittance to the house. But Diogenes was not to be put off, and was so persistent that the teacher even struck him with his staff and bade him be gone. The would-be pupil, without offering any resistance, calmly said:

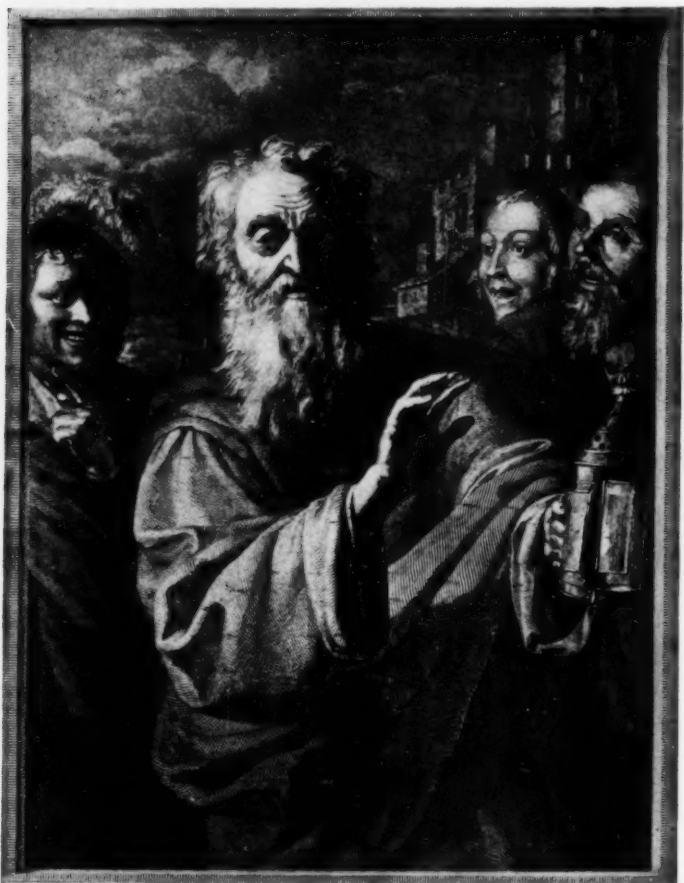
"You may strike me, Antisthenes, but you will never find a stick stout enough to drive me away from you so long as you say anything worth hearing."

It is said that the teacher was so completely won over by this retort that he forthwith admitted the obstinate youth among his pupils.

Antisthenes himself was rude and snappish.

Gentleness and love for his fellow-men were among the lessons that he failed to learn or to teach; and so even when pupils admired his logic and rough honesty, they held aloof from him. But, solitary as he lived, he had some regard for Diogenes, and, had not the latter returned this regard, he would have died uncared for and alone.

Diogenes' fondness for animals is another proof of a nature sound at core. Mice crept up to secure his crumbs, and the man-hater would say: "Even Diogenes keeps his pets!"



DIOGENES AND HIS LANTERN. (FROM A PAINTING BY SALVATOR ROSA.)

trample on the pride of Plato." "With quite as much pride yourself, Diogenes," replied Plato, undisturbed by the other's insolence.

Diogenes certainly was rude—unpardonably rude; and for this reason, in part, his real merits have been dimmed.

Perhaps, on the whole, it is more charitable to Diogenes to regard such speeches as a mere bit of ill humor. Other sayings are on record showing that he had milder moods and a nature kindly at heart, as when he said, "One should hold out his hand to a friend without closing

He it was who originated a word often used in these days—"cosmopolite." For, being asked to what country he belonged, he said he was "cosmopolites"—a citizen of the world.

He can hardly be called witty, although he had plenty of humor. He compared a rich but ignorant person to a sheep with golden fleece; and, when Plato defined man as a featherless biped, Diogenes sent him a plucked fowl by way of making fun of the definition.

The humorists of his time found in Diogenes a rich subject for wit, and even to this day we make game of him, and cannot forgive his arrogance.

There is much sadness in the words he uttered on entering a theater just as all the rest were leaving. "It is what I have been doing all my life," he said.

In his old age, while on a voyage, he was captured by pirates and carried to Crete, where

he was put up for sale as a slave in the public market. When asked by the auctioneer what he could do, he replied:

"I can govern men; therefore sell me to one who wants a master."

Xenaiides, a wealthy citizen of Corinth, was so pleased by this reply that he immediately purchased Diogenes; and on his return to Corinth not only gave the philosopher his freedom, but turned over to him the education of his own children and the direction of his household affairs.

"What sort of a man, O Diogenes, do you think the great Socrates?" some one asked.

"A madman," was his reply.

And he little dreamed that, when at last he should lay down his "very light burden of life," leaving to the "next poorer man" his well-worn wallet, cloak, and staff, he himself would soon come to be known as "the mad Diogenes."



AN ANCIENT BUST OF PLATO.

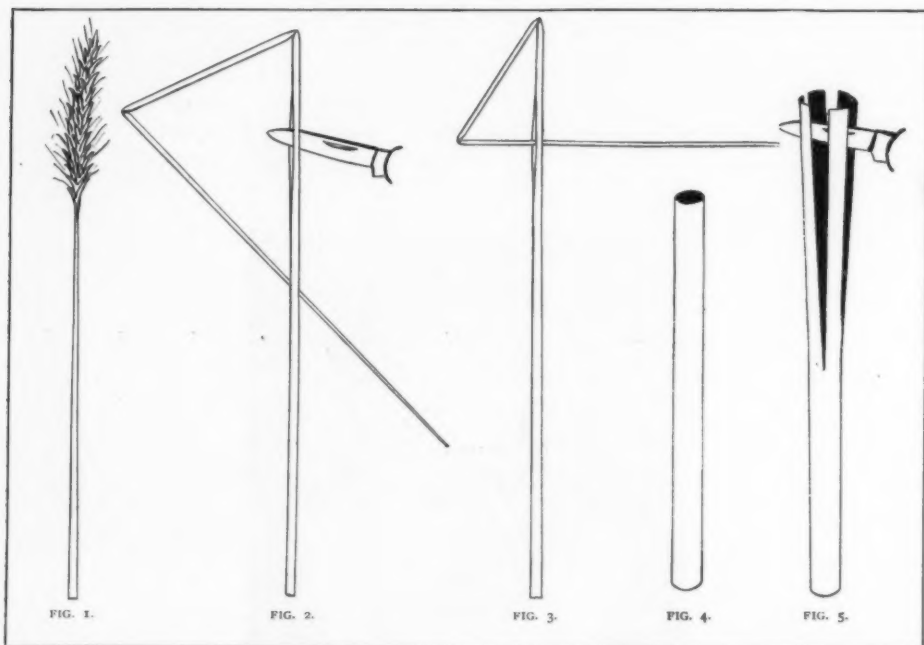


WINDMILL MADE OF STRAW.

BY PERCIVAL HALL LOMBARD.

PERHAPS some of the boy readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* may be interested, during the windy month of March, to know how to make a windmill of the simplest kind—one which will, when

knife make a slit in the stem about an inch down from the second bend. (See Fig. 2.) Through the slit carefully pass the small end, as in Fig. 3. This part forms the frame and



carefully constructed, give every satisfaction, and produce, if not fifty horse-power perhaps, then at least one "butterfly-power."

Select a few of the driest and most perfect spears of wheat, rye, or barley, and with a sharp penknife cut off the top just above the first joint. Cut off the tip containing the grain (see Fig. 1), bending the remaining part in two places, and with the smallest blade of the pen-

bearings of our windmill, and may be slipped over a support or held in the hand.

The wheel itself is made from the lower end of the blade of straw. (See Fig. 4.) Care must be exercised to select a piece which has not been crushed or broken, one which is also perfectly dry, for if made of green stalk it soon withers and curls up. In one end of a piece about four inches long make two slits at

right angles a distance of half the length of the piece. (See Fig. 5.) Then carefully bend back the four wings thus formed, completing the wheel

This straw windmill is a little German invention—not patented, but free to all—once given to me by two flaxen-haired, barefooted lads

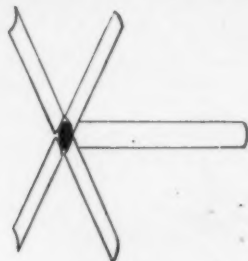


FIG. 6.

shown in Fig. 6. It is well to give the wings a slight twist near their base so that they may catch the wind. The windmill may now be put together by slipping the wheel over the part first made, as in Fig. 7. When held in the breeze the wheel will spin around at an astonishing rate.

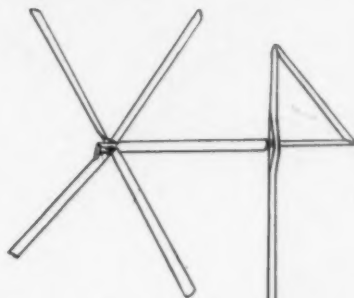
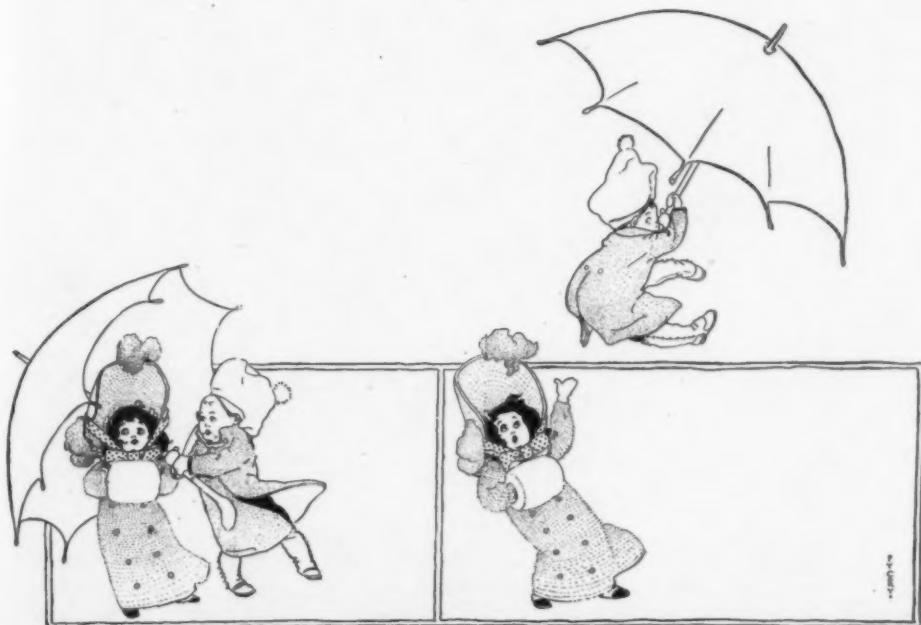


FIG. 7.

away up in the Hartz Mountains, when it was my fortune some time ago to be in the shadow of the grand old Brocken.



THE GALLANTRY OF TOMMY TODGER AND ITS TERRIBLE RESULT.

©, coasting Cats! my nerves you thrill
 As in your box you bounce and fly!
 If Jack
 and Jill
 are

down
 this
 hill.



I think
 you'll meet them
 presently.

And they may feel constrained to say
 That yours is quite a sudden way.

Stannis

"SO MANY YEARS AGO."

By H. A. OGDEN.

GREAT-GRANDMA liked to tell us how, so many years ago,
 When she was but a little child, just like yourselves, you know,
 She saw the Continentals pass, one sunny summer day,
 Upon their march to Pompton, some forty miles away;
 And how George Washington and aides, in faded buff and blue,
 Stopped at her home for luncheon. It 's really, truly true.

Said she: "My brother Ben and I were shy as we could be;
 But both of us were pleased to hear the general praise the tea.
 And when the table had been cleared, we went at mother's call
 To meet the famous patriot, who stood so straight and tall.
 I curtsied as the fashion was, with both my cheeks aflame;
 He took my hand, and said I was a 'dainty little dame.'

"Then Ben's turn came. The general bent down and took his hand.
'In truth,' said he, 'my little man, you 'd make a soldier grand!'
But Ben could only smile and stare, so very strange it seemed
That this was General Washington, of whom so oft he 'd dreamed—
The man who was so patient, so skilful, and so brave,
That all the people looked to him their country's cause to save."



"HE TOOK MY HAND, AND SAID I WAS A 'DAINTY LITTLE DAME.'"

As grandma ceased, we heard the tall old clock a-ticking slow,
As if it said, "I, too, was there, so many years ago.
I saw that noble soldier who made the country free.
Remember, then, his glorious deeds when you look up at me.
While time shall last, in this our land, his fame shall brighter glow.
I, too, beheld George Washington, so many years ago."

A TRUE FOX STORY.

By E. L. WELLS.

WHEN I was a boy I lived at Glens Falls, New York. We boys frequently kept young foxes for pets. I had two, but they so often took my sisters' rag dolls to the garret and tore them to pieces that I traded them for two small, thin, square books with board covers—a life of William Henry Harrison and Peter Parley's Geography. No other two books have ever been quite so wonderful to me.

One of my uncles lived on a farm three miles from the Falls and two miles from Sandy Hill. That farm was a paradise for me, for there I found all the apples and pears, walnuts, hickory-nuts, butternuts, and chestnuts that my heart could desire.

One frosty autumn morning my uncle and I went to a favorite chestnut-tree on the hillside, and were busy picking the loosened nuts from the ground and breaking open the closed burs that we had clubbed from the tree, when a fox ran close by us, down the hill, over the stone wall, across the road, over the other wall, and into the level meadow beyond.

When partly across the field, he suddenly turned at a sharp angle and ran in another direction.

Soon he turned again, and kept on doing the same thing for half a dozen times or more, when he took a straight course for the woods some forty rods away.

His track was somewhat like this:

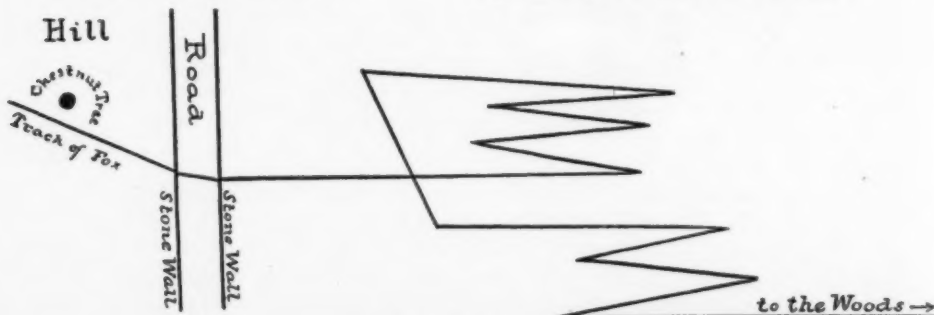


DIAGRAM OF THE PATH OF THE FOX.

I asked my uncle why the fox was running over the meadow in that manner. "Let us wait awhile," said he, "and we may find the reason for his doing so."

In a short time we heard the distant yelping of a hound. With his nose to the ground he ran by us, following the track of the fox. Down the hill, over the wall, across the road, over the wall, into the meadow he went.

All at once he stopped. He had run beyond the track of the fox. It took him half a minute to find the scent he had lost. Then he was off with his longest leaps; but soon once more he was beyond the place where the fox had turned. This losing the scent and finding it again was repeated until he was finally out of the tangle and off for the woods with a yelping I seem to hear after a lapse of sixty years.

But Reynard was then far away and out of danger.

"How did the fox know how to do all this?" you may inquire. But you will have to ask me an easier question.

You and I would have lost no time in trying to reach a place of safety. But the fox was wiser; for in losing time in the meadow he gained time to find a safe den in the forest.

As very few persons may have seen a fox do anything like this, I thought the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS might be interested in hearing the story of this fox's clever trick.

UNNATURAL HISTORY.

Verses by Alice Brown.

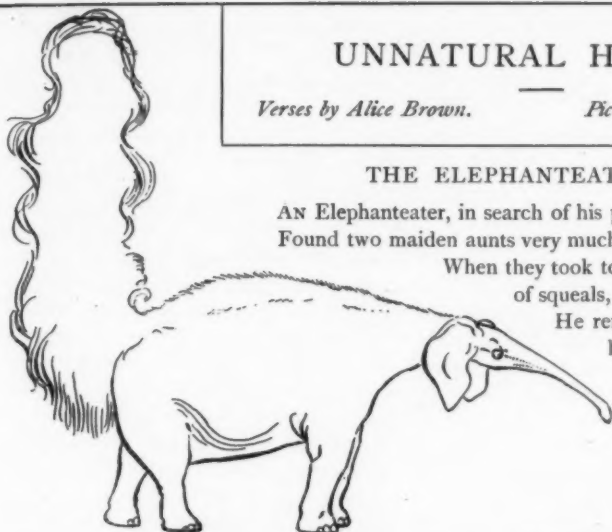
Pictures by Louise Clarke.

THE ELEPHANTEATER.

AN Elephanteater, in search of his prey,
Found two maiden aunts very much in his way.

When they took to their heels, with a series
of squeals,

He remarked, "I 'm especially
hungry to-day!"



THE PENGUINEAPIG.

When Mrs. Penguinapig goes for the air,
She takes her two daughters, a duplicate pair.

With calmness of nerve, they always preserve
A deportment to make all the other pigs stare.



THE RHINOSCEROSTRICH.

The Rhinoscerostrich can scarce understand
What to do if pursued by a wild Zulu band.

Says he, "Gracious me! I 'm blest if I see
How to cover a head of this size in the sand!"

MARJORIE'S SCHOOL OF FICTION.

(*A Story for Young Authors.*)

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

As for failure, she had scarcely considered this possibility. Of course she knew that people did fail in literature — indeed, she had seen them do so. These unfortunates had belonged to the school classes to which she, Marjorie, had also belonged, and their failure had been easy to understand. Marjorie had never failed, and had graduated at last with a valedictory that shed glory throughout the institution, even to its darkest corridors, where hall-maids gathered to see her pass, and spoke in whispers as she drew near. She had been told — and she believed it — that the literary world was waiting for her. It was simply a question of what particular field she would select.

The quaint phraseology of the romantic school attracted her. Already she had done something in that line — a seventeenth-century bit that held class and teachers breathless with the spell of its old-world charm. She had never been abroad, — they had been too poor for that, — but the artist in her had created an atmosphere which had been compared to that of Scott, while the French sketch of the week following had been considered worthy of Maupassant. So you see Marjorie was hardly to blame. She was only versatile, and was making up her mind while the world waited.

Of course there were others besides the French and romantic schools. Then there were stories of no particular school, such as everybody wrote. She could do these too, but they were not "real literature." They were just stories of things that happened, or might have happened, or could n't have happened, as the case might be. At all events, they were not the "best art," and Marjorie meant to give the world the best or none. She meant to do so at once, for, as before mentioned, her people were not wealthy.

She decided to do a romantic novel.

A good many others must have come to that decision about the same time. Before Marjorie was half through, the book-stalls were simply overflowing with books of every period but our own — most of them decorated with men fighting duels, or at least there were crossed swords on the covers. For once, the sword had become mightier than the pen, and Marjorie noted with anxiety that more than one merry musketeer or lightsome cavalier had ornamented the period and locality she had marked as her own. Still, they were very bad, — the books, of course, — most of them. The real thing would not lack for recognition.

Marjorie still believes that. The true artist is always an optimist at heart, and being an artist, and true, Marjorie will tell you to-day, in spite of all that has passed since "The Auburn Queen" was so hopefully begun, that real merit will one day find its place and reward. Furthermore — but I am getting ahead of my story. It is a habit of mine.

"The Auburn Queen" was finished in September. The family had been in cruel suspense for two days as to the outcome. It was all anybody could have wished. Her mother approved the retributive justice that overtook the villains. Her fourteen-year-old brother reveled in their wholesale taking off. Her sixteen-year-old sister adored the romantic climax. Marjorie's father, having suddenly fallen ill, was spared these things; also the conclave at which it was decided that the best publisher would have to suffice — one who already that year had sold something less than a million each of three books being finally selected. This was important, for the money situation was likely to become strained.

Marjorie's home being in Brooklyn, the favored publisher was not far away. When the manuscript had been gone two days there be-

gan to be an air of expectancy in the household. Marjorie smiled at this. Too soon, she said. They must wait at least a week. At the end of that time the younger members became impatient. Even Marjorie would not have been surprised at a telegram announcing the joyous acceptance of her novel, and that a ten-thousand-dollar check was on the way. Still, it was full early. She would not write to the publishers for another week. She would do so then, for her father was much worse and money running low. Meantime she would write a short story or two to supply immediate wants. These would be of the French school—"pot-boilers." But, alas! many pots grow cold waiting for fuel thus provided. Money ran lower and lower. The doctor came and went, prescribing costly medicines that drained the little family fund to the last, and yet gave no relief to the stricken man. The father did not improve. He died one evening, just at sunset. Marjorie was holding his hand.

"You will have to be mainstay now," he said. "You have resolution. You will do what I have only dreamed." And with that tender faith in his talented, masterful girl, a gentle, plodding life went out.

"The Auburn Queen" came back next morning.

The polite note with it would have meant little at any time. It meant nothing at all now. Neither did the printed regrets returned with the shorter stories. The girl was stunned by her accumulation of disaster.

Yet she did not lose hope. She must not do so. The father who had toiled so laboriously for them all had left her to fill his place. The children were at public school. Her mother had chief care of the household, with its never-ending duties. She was a willing, warm-hearted woman who had never quite understood why, with so much faithful toil, her husband had harvested so little of the world's prosperity. Marjorie, better than the others, had been able to understand the gentle soul that had now slipped so quietly from among them, as he, in turn, had understood and trusted Marjorie. She would be faithful to that trust, and in those days of her first grief regretted that he could not see how faithful would be her fulfilment.

The novel was forwarded at once to another publisher. The short stories were mailed to other magazines, and two new ones immediately begun. These were of no particular school—just stories, such as everybody wrote, of things that Marjorie thought might have happened. After all, it might be necessary to do these occasionally, while the others were getting started.

Perhaps the fact that they were stories of the sort that everybody wrote made them come back. Or it may have been because Marjorie's experience in the matters treated had been mostly acquired at second hand. Heartsick with anxiety and disappointment, Marjorie saw her stories go and come. Sometimes a brief line came with them—the word of a busy, kindly editor who foresaw possible achievement in what was now but promise, and perhaps remembered the long-ago days when he, too, was treading the hopeless way. Such words were as balm to Marjorie, only—the stories always accompanied them.

Had she been alone she might not have surrendered. As it was, the time came when she must perform such labor as would bring return, however small. Her first thought was to teach; but she found, upon entering for examinations, that the branches she had sacrificed for the study of literature, added to an inherent weakness in mathematics, disqualified her for a position in the public schools. Through a friend's assistance she obtained a situation as governess at last, but at the end of the third month came home ill and despairing from having endeavored to maintain at once a proper respect for both her mistress and herself. She was satisfied with her experience in this direction, and consulted the more attractive "want" columns of the Sunday papers.

With a promising list of addresses, she set out on Monday morning, and for several memorable days acquired still further experience and knowledge of human nature, as by turns she was disappointed, wounded, exasperated, or merely amused by interviews that led only to refusal.

She found herself, one morning, in charge of a very small counter in a very large department-store. Behind her were rows and rows of but-

tons. She was supposed to sell these—to count them out by fractional dozens, or cards, or boxes, and to figure up very quickly what three fourths of a dozen black buttons, at seventeen cents a dozen, and seven twelfths of a dozen white buttons, at twenty-one cents, were worth, and a great many such things, in the course of a few minutes, besides talking to and waiting on a number of stout ladies who were crowding each other for place, and all the while to keep pleasant and polite and exact and busy, and to be very quick about it.

Poor Marjorie! She never had been *very* quick in all her life! Art is deliberate. It moves majestically and without haste. Then there were those terrible figures—those fractious fractions that were always her despair, and that now, when she hurried them, became veritable imps of the perverse that made her days a Tangle of Sorrow and her nights a Thicket of Unrest. She was trying to study shorthand, too, and sometimes, in her dreams, the curves and pothooks of Pitman held wild dances with the fractions of the button-counter. Seven-eighths and Five-twelfths and all the others hopped and skipped and paraded, while among them capered the stenographic signs that stood for “you can’t do it,” “you’re too slow,” and a lot of “nevers,” until Marjorie would wake up saying, “Never! never! never! Oh, I *know* I can’t! I *know* it! Go away—go away and let me die!”

It was a hard experience. She saw girls about her who, with meager opportunities, cheerless home lives, uncultured tastes, and few ambitions, were yet clever enough in their heads and hands to outdo her in her poor struggle so to sell buttons as to avoid the wrath of the floor-manager more than twice in one afternoon. With some of these girls she became acquainted. Most of them did not please her; yet many of them had good hearts, and, if their knowledge of English was limited, their understanding of humanity served them in good stead. Marjorie realized, at last, that she was in a great school: not a school from which she would graduate with wreaths and honors, nor yet where the proper study of mankind was man, but in a still greater school, wherein the subtler study of womankind was woman.

She received her diploma from this institution when, one morning, a very red-faced woman reported three mistakes in a bill of seventy-two cents. The floor-manager was kindly enough, but firm. They must have some one who was more accurate in figures. Marjorie agreed with him, and went home to consult the papers once more.

She had made but poor advance in shorthand. She could not apply for an office position, and wondered rather vaguely what there was left for her. Something she *must* do. Her wages, small though they were, had been of the greatest assistance. To give up meant privation that would presently become destitution. Pride must not be considered. Not that Marjorie was without pride, but greater than all had become the trust imposed by her dying father, and her resolution to live or die as he had lived and died, fighting the good fight without bitterness and without complaint.

Neither had she lost faith in her literary ability. She was beginning to understand why she had failed. She realized that her “people” had not been real people, and that, after all, it was the real people in fiction as well as in fact who had the better show. Some day she would try again—some day when she had worked her way into a position where days were less wearying to the soul and nights less torturing to the brain.

Marjorie thought of many things. In the great store she had known of women who made articles for certain departments and thus earned considerable during the season of demand. But Marjorie was not handy with needle and scissors, nor yet with the crochet-hook. She scanned the columns anxiously. The “Companions,” “Governesses,” “Miscellaneous”—none of them offered a place that she could honestly attempt to fill. She sighed audibly as she noted column after column from those who wanted cooks. Some of these appeals she read.

Now cooking was one thing which Marjorie could do, and do well. I don’t know just what is the connection between literature and cookery, and I suppose there are a number of good cooks who cannot write; but I have yet to find the woman writer who is not a supremely good

cook. Perhaps the same artistic impulse and imagination is required for both. Men writers can cook, too, when they try; only they are apt to be mussy.

Marjorie was not mussy, and she had both skill and experience. As a girl it had been her

ther would consent reluctantly to her daughter's "going out to service," while Tom, who was already eager to be doing for himself, and Nellie, with all the faith in life and its romance that sixteen brings—these two, she knew, would unite in a vigorous protest and vow they would



"BUT ONE MORNING, IMMEDIATELY AFTER BREAKFAST, SHE WAS SUMMONED TO THE LIBRARY." (SEE PAGE 443.)

delight to assist with the meals, and her mother, a New England woman, had taught her daughter the science of the household. Later, at school, it was always Marjorie who had been chosen to invent and prepare those little dinners and suppers in which her light-hearted fellows had found exceeding joy.

Of course there would be a storm of objections. Even the hard-working, practical mo-

give up school and sell papers on the street before their Marjie should go into anybody's kitchen. And yet, why not? Better to cook in a well-ordered kitchen than to govern in a disordered nursery. Better to wrestle with roast and pastry, which she understood, than with those torturing figures which she could never hope to conquer. Almost surreptitiously she copied down a number of addresses, and

set out next morning half guiltily. Time enough to face the storm when she had really made her decision. She would have a look over the ground, at least. She put the remnants of her pride, with her addresses, in her pocket, and, throwing up her head, breathed in strength and resolution with the clean morning air.

It was surprising to Marjorie to see with what cordiality she was received now. The neat, plainly dressed girl, with clear eyes and handsome, intellectual face, was welcomed by housekeeper and mistress as if their advertisements had been for long-lost relatives instead of for some one to prepare food. Nearly all were courteous—some even obsequious. Marjorie recalled pleasantries concerning the supremacy of cooks, and realized that these things had been less exaggerated than she had supposed. It is true they did mention, though rather timidly, the matter of "references," and were somewhat conservative on the subject of wages; but when Marjorie had quite frankly explained as much of her position as seemed necessary, and had risen, as queens always do, to close an interview, they followed her to the door with inducements, and parted from her almost with tears.

She "selected" a place at last where the mistress herself, an elderly woman with a face and voice that reminded Marjorie of her mother, took her into a pleasant sitting-room, and after a few moments' conversation offered a price that was nearly double what the applicant had hoped to receive.

"I do not ask for reference," the gentle voice continued, "because when I look into your face I do not need it. Our children are gone, and my husband and I live very quietly. I am sure you will try to please me, and I shall help you to succeed. As to wages, I realize that it takes quite as much intelligence to be a good servant as a good mistress, and a good mistress will properly reward faithfully given service. My last cook was with me twenty-seven years. She left us last week—for a better world. I hope you will come to us."

The gentle voice and sweet, kindly face appealed to Marjorie. She had an impulse to confide everything, but told at last only of her

father's death and the necessity of bread-winning, agreeing to accept the position, with her mother's consent. She returned next morning, ready. The battle had been rather severe, but mercifully short. Marjorie's argument had been unanswerable.

And now our heroine learned what even a life of service may become when humanity is a factor in the household, and when the work itself is not strange or distasteful. There was plenty to do, for in the rather large New York apartment there was but one other servant, a girl younger than herself, to render general assistance. There was no room for more, but the mistress herself gave a hand here and there, and a kind word of encouragement and approval that meant even more. In a few short days Marjorie felt altogether at home, while her meats and her puddings had aroused generous enthusiasm in the dining-room.

"I think I've found my proper station in life at last," she wrote in a merry letter to her mother. "Better a good cook than a bad novelist, and you don't know how grateful I am for all you have taught me. Mrs. Crawford says my salads are Kiplingesque, and Mr. Crawford declares my desserts are Swinburnian poems. So you see I at least have the literary touch in my cuisine.

"Indeed, this seems to be a literary household. Mrs. Crawford said to me yesterday, 'I think you must be fond of reading, my dear.' 'Oh, yes,' I answered. Then she said I might take from the library any books I wished. When I told her I wanted to re-read 'Esmond,' she asked if I would n't like to read it aloud to her. I read for two hours last night. Lettie, the maid, was invited to listen; and Mrs. Crawford saw presently that she did not care for 'Esmond,' so gave her something more suitable, to take to her room. Mr. Crawford also came in. I don't know what he does, but have an impression that he is connected with publishing. If so, I might offer him 'The Auburn Queen.' Imagine 'Er' Ighness the cook, with a ladle under one arm and a manuscript under the other, presenting herself to her employer and saying:

"'Haxin' yer parding, sir, Hi've composed a novel, sir. Hit's hentitled 'The Hauburn

Queen," sir, an' there's no stint of love in it, or fightin', with hexcitement hextrahordinary.' For oh, dear mama, I know now that 'The Auburn Queen' is very, very bad! I have seen so many real people since then. My people are not at all like them; and, reading 'Esmond' over now, I find that Thackeray *had* real people, even when clothed in the old dress and manner. Perhaps I may write again some day; stories are always running in my head—little stories. There was a boy who used to come to the button-counter with his mother. I might—but this letter is too long already, and it is bedtime. Good night, mammy dear—with love to Tom and Nellie."

And now came pleasant evenings. The distractions of shorthand were forgotten in the charm of the old-world romance of Henry and Beatrix Esmond. When the Crawfords were out, Marjorie looked over the current magazines or attended to her mending. One night she sat in her little rocker, a magazine unopened beside her. She did not feel quite like reading, but closed her eyes and, leaning back, let her mind drift through the experiences and trials of the last eighteen months. It was like a kaleidoscope, in which with each turn new and interesting figures and combinations took form. "I believe I could write some of them," she said half aloud, and began that same evening the story of "The Little Boy at the Button-counter."

There was no thought of style now, nor to what school of fiction her story belonged. The little story told itself in its own way. Marjorie simply put it down as it came—sometimes even laughing at its humor, or finding a blur in her eyes at its pathos. Two evenings later, when it was finished, she could hardly have told you how it had been written. When it was gone at last, to one of the great magazines that sometimes used stories about children, Marjorie suddenly wondered why she should send so slight a thing to so great a market. Reading again her first rough draft, she became still more amazed at her presumption. She resolved to put the whole matter out of her head, quickly and without regret. With busy days and another turn of "Esmond" evenings, she was well-nigh able to do this. When, ten days later, there came one afternoon a letter inclos-

ing a check for her story, it was as if the stove-lifter in her hand had turned to gold.

She had a roast in the oven. Its warning odor brought her back to earth. The roast was not as good as usual that evening, but joy still reigned in the cook's heart, for in the cook's pocket there was a beautiful check, and a still more beautiful letter asking for "more such charming little stories."

She could afford to be humble in her apologies for the roast. But her mistress said:

"Never mind, Marjorie; we must welcome hard fare, now and then, to better appreciate better things."

The following afternoon was her own, and she hastened home with the great news. Her mother took her in her arms and rocked her as she had done so long ago. The younger ones, returning from school, did a war-dance in her honor, declaring that Marjorie should come home now forever. Marjorie restrained them.

"One story does not make an author," she said. "Wait."

But now came another story, and another. People and things that had hurt and exasperated and amused came crowding about her little table at evening, as the stout ladies had once crowded their way to her button-counter on bargain day. How much material we sometimes gather in one brief year! Marjorie wrote and wrote. Two more stories brought checks and letters. A third was returned, only because the kind soul who signed himself "The Editor" thought it better suited for a certain juvenile publication which he recommended. From her home across the river the wolf had fled hastily. Marjorie felt that she could fulfil her trust at last. She wondered if her father knew. With all her time, now, what might she not accomplish?

Then suddenly Marjorie realized that the thought of going was not welcome. She had learned to love those for whom she toiled. Even her success had been, in a great measure, due to their gentle treatment and the atmosphere of her surroundings. She had not the heart to leave them, nor, with a modesty born of success, the courage to confess a reason for doing so. Yet both seemed necessary.

But one morning, immediately after break-

fast, she was summoned to the library. She found Mr. Crawford there alone. The girl began to tremble—what had she done? Perhaps some of the silver was missing. Mr. Crawford motioned her to a chair. Then he regarded her steadily.

"Marjorie Clement Deane," he said, slowly pronouncing her full name.

The girl turned white, then red; how had he learned it?

"Cook extraordinary," he proceeded, "author of 'The Little Boy at the Button-counter,' 'Mrs. Byerly's Bargains,' and other stories of real life. Now what ought we to do with a case like that?"

Marjorie gasped and tried to say something—gasped again, and gave it up.

"Perhaps you were not aware, Miss Deane," he proceeded, "that I happen to be the editor of the magazine honored by your very remarkable contributions?"

Again Marjorie gasped.

"Y-you!" she managed to say at last. "Oh, I—I did n't know it!"

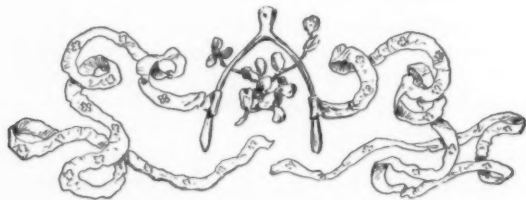
"No," he assented. "Nor did I know, until last evening, that Marjorie Clement Deane was to be found in the throne-room—for we all agree that the cook's domain is that—of my own apartment. I am rather absent-minded, and rarely notice an author's address. Even when I did remark the fact that our new prodigy's number was the same as my own, I was not startled. There are a number of apartments in this house, and I did not recall that *your* name was Deane. You may perhaps form some idea of my surprise last night when, upon

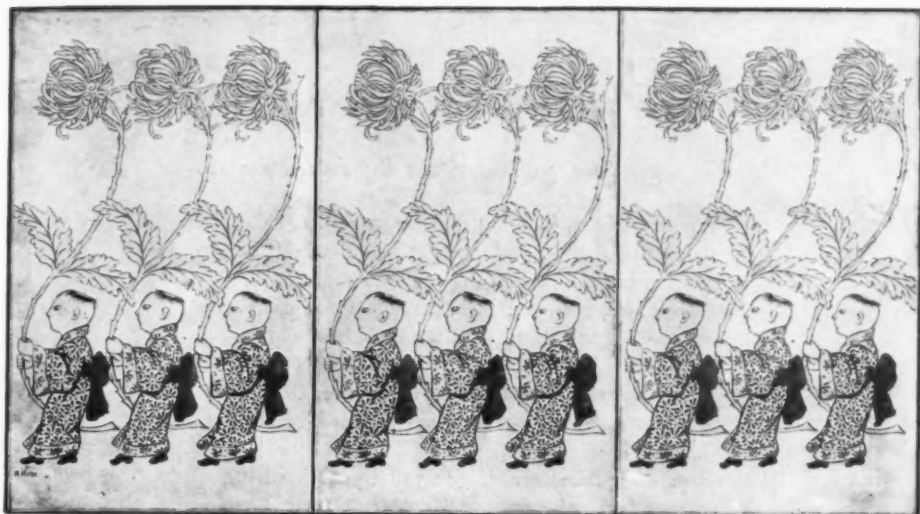
concluding to look up the new author in connection with some work I had in mind, I was referred by the elevator-boy to my own apartment. My impulse was to argue the matter; but he seemed so established in his knowledge that I came back to let Mrs. Crawford discover whether I was really awake or in one of those dreams I sometimes have after one of your very generous dinners. Mrs. Crawford let in a flood of light, and I went to bed dazed. I have just recovered. I would suggest, Miss Deane, that you abdicate the throne which you have not only graced but honored, to undertake humbler though perhaps more congenial labor in my library. I have certain plans in which I feel you may be willing to render assistance. I may say—"

But what Mr. Crawford was about to say next did not matter. The door opened just then, and Mrs. Crawford entered, followed by a stout, comfortable-looking Englishwoman.

"Mr. Crawford and Miss Deane, I present to you our new cook," she said.

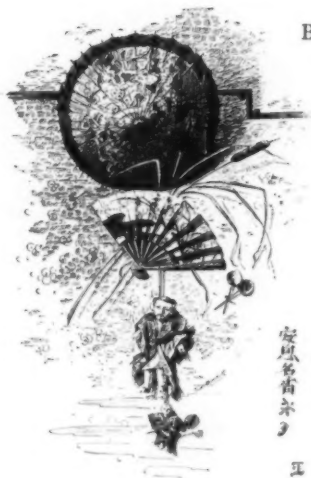
Marjorie's book will appear in the autumn. Not "The Auburn Queen," but a book in which "The Little Boy at the Button-counter" will form the initial chapter, and following "The Little Boy" will come a procession of other quaint people and phases—some humorous, some pathetic, the whole woven into a wonderful march of real life, with its joys, its sorrows, and its rewards. Marjorie did not choose her "school" this time. The new book will belong to that greatest of all schools for every profession under the skies—the school of experience.





THE FEAST OF THE DOLL.

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH.



安城第百九

五

In flow'ry Japan, the home of the fan,
The land of the parasol,
Each month has its feast, from greatest to least,
And March is the Feast of the Doll-doll-doll,
And March is the Feast of the Doll.

The wee, slippered maid in gown of brocade
And newest and best folderol,
The little brown lad in embroidery clad,
All troop to the Feast of the Doll-doll-doll,
All troop to the Feast of the Doll.

How pleasant 't would be, 'neath an almond-
tree,

In sunshine and perfume to loll,
Forget our own spring, with its wind
and its sting,

And sing to the praise of the Doll-doll-doll,
And sing to the praise of the Doll!

Come, sweet Tippytoes, as pink as a rose,
And I will get Betty and Moll;
Let us follow the plan of the folk in Japan,
And dance for your Feast, little Doll-doll-doll,
And dance for your Feast, little Doll.



HOW DO YOU KNOW—

There 's a boy in the house?

By the cap that is hanging downstairs in the hall;
By the gun and the pistol, the bat and the ball;
The Indian war-dance, the toy-cannon's roar,
That are heard, now and then, through the nursery door;
By the engines and drums and the tool-chest and nails,
The steam-cars and tracks and the boats with trim sails;
By the volumes of Cooper which from cover to cover
Have been read and re-read by an Indian-lover.

"But you must take care, if you value your head,
When you go to the nursery," declares Uncle Fred.
"When I open the door there 's a scramble and shout;
I 'm attacked by a brigand, and I 'll never doubt
Who clutches me fast, as a cat does a mouse—
Well, these are good signs there 's a boy in the house!"



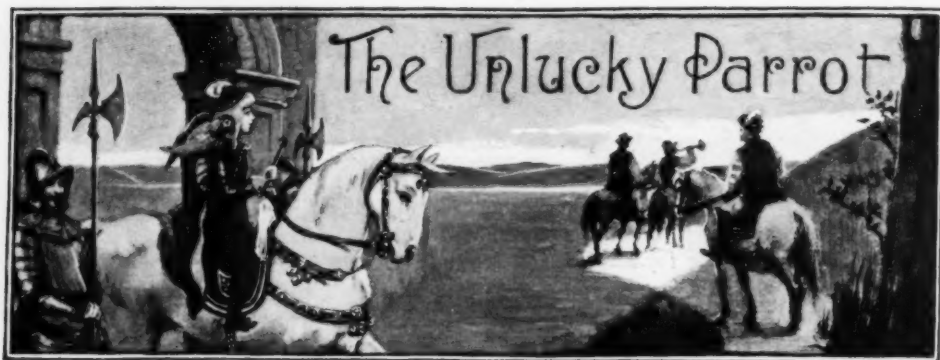
HOW DO YOU KNOW—

There 's a girl in the house?

By the beautiful doll with the movable eyes—
A French doll that sleeps, and that talks, walks, and cries;
By the toy-house and trunk and the stove and the chairs;
By the needle and thread, in the nursery upstairs;
By the doll-hats and furbelows made every day
For Annie and Sallie and Bessie and May;
By the soft little laugh and the sweet little song,
Which never to grown folks or boys could belong.

"And if you run up to the nursery floor,
And go to the room, and then open the door,"
Aunt Dorothy says, "well, when I take a peep,
And see a wee mother a-rocking to sleep
Her own little dolly, as still as a mouse—
Why, then I am sure there 's a girl in the house!"





BY RUTH HUNTINGTON SESSIONS.

ONCE upon a time, in a far Eastern country, there lived a young prince. He was good-natured, gentle, and so fond of the people, his father's subjects, that his favorite amusement was to wander about the imperial city disguised as an ordinary boy, and make acquaintance with all kinds and conditions of workers, often helping them and sharing their toil. It was the custom of the country that all members of the royal family should be saluted when seen in public; so you may imagine that the prince was very glad to be able to do away with this ceremony by going about "incognito," as it is called, and being treated a little more informally than when in company of his suite.

One day, while disguised in plain clothes, as he was passing through a dark, narrow street, lined on each side with booths and dens of merchants, he heard the sound of a voice calling:

"Come in! Come in!"

At first, peering into the dark interior of the small shop before the door of which he had paused, he could see nothing, and was at a loss to find out whence the voice came. But presently, in a cage just inside the door, he spied a parrot, a most beautiful bird, with plumage of red, green, and yellow. Now, of all things, the prince had always wished to possess a parrot. He stepped inside the shop, filled as it was with all kinds of curious lamps, jugs, and spicy-smelling Oriental stuffs, and at the very back of it saw a little old man, dark and crafty-looking, whose long beard almost touched the ground.

"Is your bird for sale?" asked the prince, politely, of the shopkeeper.

Now the old man was quite well aware that a member of the royal household stood before him, but he was too cunning to let the prince know it; so he answered as if he were talking to an ordinary purchaser:

"Yes, it is for sale, but only at one price. I will not part with it for money, as I value it too highly."

"How can I purchase it, then?" inquired the prince.

The old man hesitated a moment, then he said:

"Bring me a cup of water from the spring that flows by the image in the palace garden. Then you shall have the parrot. But you must say nothing to any one. The bargain must be kept a secret between you and me."

The prince did not know (what to the clever old man had long been the subject of his plots and schemes) that a cup of water, given to anybody from this spring by the hand of a prince of the blood royal, would render the drinker able to use fairy power and endow any animal with it. This fact had never been told to the boy, because it was so entirely contrary to the rules of the court that he should perform any service whatever for a person outside of his own family. But in mixing with the common people, and seeing their many ways of helping one another, he had forgotten this regulation. So it seemed quite a natural thing for him to run

home at once, fetch a silver cup, and from the bubbling spring which, surmounted by a stately image, flowed in a corner of the beautiful garden of his father's palace, to fill it with water, and return at once to the dingy shop where the owner of the parrot awaited him.

"Come in! Come in!" shouted the bird again, and the prince held out his cup to the little old man, who eagerly clutched it and immediately drank its contents.

"You shall have the parrot now," he said, with a crafty smile; "but first let me get it ready to go with you."

He took the parrot down and carried it into the back of the shop, stroked its feathers several times, and whispered a few words in its ear which the prince supposed to be a tender farewell. Then he handed it to the boy, who ran off delighted with his prize, and unconscious that he was carrying with him the servant of a dangerous sorcerer, who was only waiting for a chance to work some injury upon him. The parrot was not shut up in a cage, like other pets, but was set on a golden perch, and was daintily fed; and soon the bird amused every one in the palace by its speeches.

Two or three days after this the prince was invited to go out hunting with his father, the king. Just as he was mounting his horse at the palace door, the parrot flew from its perch and lighted upon his shoulder.

"Take the bird away," he called to a servant. "I shall be gone all day, and cannot take care of it."

The servant sprang to remove it; but each time he did so, the creature flew back and took its stand once more on the shoulder of the prince. The king was impatient to be off, so at last, finding it difficult to be rid of his pet, the prince allowed it to remain where it was, and they started, the sharp claws of the bird clinging to the boy's hunting-costume. For a while all went smoothly; but finally they came into a dark wood, where it was necessary to ride carefully over a rough road, in single file. The prince was behind the rest of the party, bending his head now and then, as did those in front of him, to escape the hanging boughs of trees which obstructed the path. Suddenly the parrot, with a shrill scream, flew directly down upon the top of the horse's head, and dug its sharp beak into the animal's flesh. The horse tossed its head in annoyance, stumbled, and threw the rider, blinded as he was by the boughs, to the ground; then, as the parrot let go, escaped with a wild snort, and broke away into the thicket, thus leaving the prince on his back alone, the rest of the hunting-party being already out of



"THE PRINCE MADE A LOW BOW."



sight, and the bird, which had now seated itself upon the nearest tree, looking down at him with an evil leer.

The prince shouted and called and whistled, but in vain, for only an echo answered him. Then he sat up, looked about him, and considered how he could best find his way back to his home or catch up with his father. The path before and behind him seemed to have disappeared. There was not even an opening among the trees to guide him to an outlet from the bewildering mass of green which surrounded him on all sides. The parrot had succeeded in the plot imparted to it by the old man, and had led the poor prince into a complete trap, from which it appeared impossible to escape. But the wood was full, fortunately, of friendly little animals who were on excellent terms with the wood-fairies, and ready to join with the latter in helping mortals out of the toils of a sorcerer when necessary. So the prince, staring in a discouraged way at the dense thicket about him, presently noticed a big bee, which buzzed round and round his head in a mild, not at all alarming, fashion, and, without touching him, seemed to have some reason for keeping near him. Pretty soon it flew a little way off, then back again; then, perching on a leaf, looked at him with an expression which, for an insect, was truly remarkable. The prince then began to notice that the parrot was making extraordinary efforts to catch this bee, but that the latter managed to fly away each time it came near, and always returned to its post near him.

"What do you want of me, I wonder?" he said to himself. The bee buzzed again, and this time the prince followed it as it flew off, till it lighted on a thick vine which twined itself back and forth across a couple of tall trees. On examining this vine, he found it had grown exactly in the form of a ladder, upon which, if he liked, he could climb upward.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Now I can ascend high enough, perhaps, to see over the tree-tops and get an idea how to find my way out of this place." So, unheeding the shrill cries of the parrot, which followed him, pecking angrily at the leaves as it hopped from twig to twig, he scrambled eagerly up the long vine ladder.

It was a very long climb, and at the top he found himself at the end of a long corridor, with a floor of interlaced twigs where the vine had grown across between the tree-tops and interwoven itself firmly, and with walls of thick green. Passing down this corridor, he came to a tiny house of the same materials. And within the house, on a throne of pine cones, sat a little old woman.

The prince, who never failed to show his good manners, made a low bow.

"Who are you, pray tell?" inquired the old woman.

He told her how he had been lost in the woods, and she shook her head with a frown.

"The work of some sorcerer," she muttered; "very likely that parrot there." At which the bird ruffled up all its feathers and gave a more piercing scream than ever. "And I am the old woman who looks after the forest. I know all the animals and insects and birds, and my business is to see that they keep it in order. I can't go with you to show you the way out, but I'll help you as much as I can. In the first place, you'll have to do something to that bird, for it is bound to bring you ill luck. You'll never get anywhere till you break its power. And that can be done by touching it with a leaf from the magic palm by the three wells. Do you see the tree just beyond the edge of this forest?"

She pointed with one finger out of the window of the hut, and in the distance the prince could see the top of a palm-tree.

"That is it," explained the old woman. "Get to it, climb up and pluck a leaf, rub your evil-eyed parrot with it, and there will be an end of the power that is keeping you shut up in this wood. Once free from it, you'll find the path easily enough. Now climb down the ladder again, and at the bottom you'll find a guide who can show you the way to the palm; but keep your wits about you, for that bird of yours will stir up more trouble if it can."

The prince thanked her heartily, and in a moment was scrambling down the ladder again, wondering what kind of guide the old woman had provided for him. He did not hear her give any orders, but on reaching the ground, he saw a little rabbit, sitting up on its haunches

and looking at him with a most intelligent air, while round its neck was slung a small silver whistle. The prince made no doubt that this was to be his companion, particularly as the parrot was becoming excited once more; so he made a low bow to the rabbit, and requested him to lead the way toward the magic palm at the three wells.

The rabbit hopped gleefully along in front, and the prince was following, thinking the road quite smooth and comfortable, when suddenly the parrot, which had been flying ahead of them, lighted upon a stone and flapped its wings, at the same time giving a cry. Immediately there was a sound of rushing water, and the next moment a roaring stream dashed across his path, cutting him off completely from further progress, since it was too deep for wading and too turbulent for swimming. The parrot, meanwhile, had managed to fly safely to the other side, and sat on a stone, screaming:

"Get over if you can! Get over if you can!"

The prince looked about him for bridge or boat, but saw none. The rabbit, however, lost no time in putting the little silver whistle to its mouth. It blew a shrill blast, then listened. A burrowing and scratching sounded in the underbrush, and in a few moments an army of beavers, moving with the precision of a regiment, appeared. The prince watched them.

"I believe they're going to build a dam," he said to himself; and, to be sure, this was the case. The clever little animals did not stop until a regular beaver-dam was finished, on which the rabbit and the prince crossed safely. The parrot glared at them in a revengeful manner, but made no more noise, and the three proceeded for nearly a mile, when suddenly a weird laugh from the bird made the prince start and look upward. There in front of them was a frowning precipice of gray rock, seeming almost to touch the sky, and without a foothold on its surface.

The prince glanced at the rabbit, who was again equal to the occasion. Setting the whistle to its lips once more, it blew two blasts this time, and looked up along the face of the cliff. Presently some queer little figures appeared, slowly crawling downward, and as they

drew nearer they turned out to be monkeys, who were hanging by one another's tails and thus making a sort of rope. When they had brought it within a few feet of the prince, the lowest one waved its tail, and the rabbit, giving a jump, landed on its back. Then followed the boy; and lastly the parrot, which contented itself with administering vicious pecks to the poor apes as it flew alongside of them up the cliff.

Now came a long climb down on the other side of the precipice, and then the palm-tree began to seem quite near, and the prince could make out the three wells underneath its shade. But just as he was congratulating himself on this welcome sight, he heard the parrot call out: "Good-by; there you go!"

At the same instant he felt himself begin to sink. Down, down, down he went, into a mass of soft sand, which in a moment was up to his neck, and threatened to cover him altogether. But the friendly rabbit had noticed it, and had blown three loud whistles, at which there was an instant sound of scratching and tearing and rushing. Up from the ground, where they had lived in holes, out of the underbrush, and down the hill behind came a hundred little foxes with bushy tails. They rushed up to the sand-hill which was swallowing the poor prince, began to scratch, scratch with their small paws, and in a "jiffy" they had set him free by pulling the sand away so that he could scramble out. He shook the dirt off and tramped on, now seeing the magic palm-tree very near, and in a few minutes he stood beneath it. But alas! what a discouraging sight confronted him! It was a magic palm-tree indeed, for in an instant it shot up to a great height before his astonished eyes. The tree grew enormously tall, and its leaves were at the very top; and between him and them was the slippery trunk, up which, try as he would, he could not climb, since there was not the least hold for hand or foot. Gradually it shrank again until the leaves were only a few feet above his head, but at the first motion he made to reach up for one, or to climb the tree, it suddenly lengthened itself to a great height again.

"Ha, ha!" screamed the parrot, perched in the tree's branches. "Not so easy, my friend!"

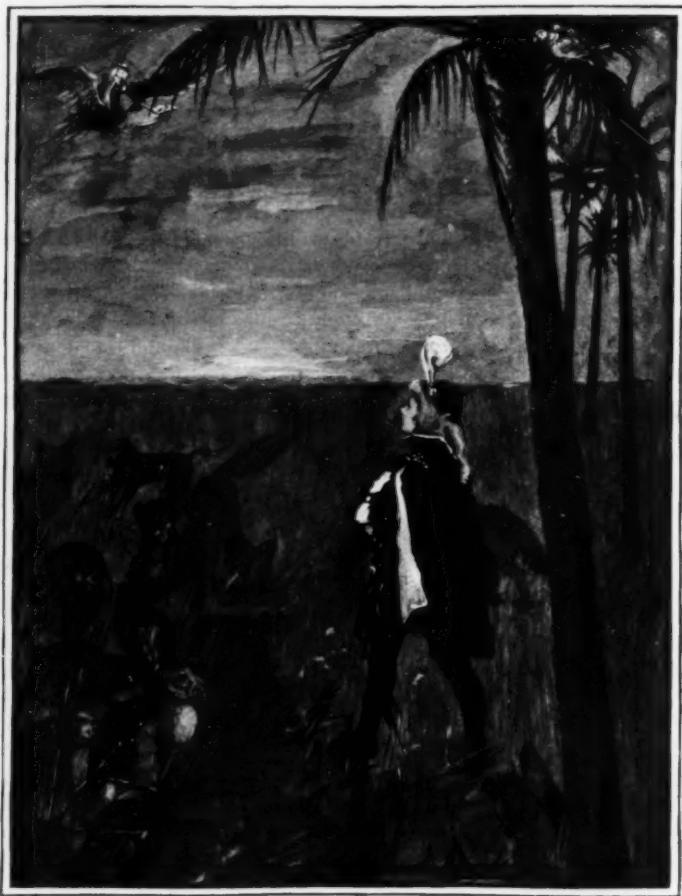
"You wretched bird!" the prince cried angrily. "I will find some way yet." Then he turned to the rabbit once more, feeling sure it would help him out of his difficulty. There was quite a little group of animals by this time, as a few of the beavers, monkeys, and foxes had followed along out of curiosity, and were standing in a semicircle, looking up at the tree. The little rabbit seemed to have a sudden idea. It drew out its whistle, and sounded *four* blasts from the silver mouth. There was no noise in answer to this, but, quick as a flash, a little red squirrel came running into the middle of the group. It ran up to the rabbit, and the two rubbed their noses together in friendly fashion, the squirrel evidently receiving its orders. Then the parrot, seeing what it was about to do, made a rush at it, and opened its beak as if to seize it by the tail; but the swift creature was too quick. In an instant it had sprung away, up the tree, and in another it was back, holding in its mouth a great leaf of the palm.

"Now I have you!" cried the prince to the parrot, taking the leaf in his hand and making a jump after it; but the wicked bird only flew a short distance away to the branch of a tree, where it perched, laughing wickedly.

"Why don't you catch me?" it cried.

The prince, after a few more attempts, realized that it was of no use to try this sort of

game, for the bird escaped him as often as he chased it. The animals were looking on with much interest; but, to the dismay of the wanderer, who was depending upon their protection, they seemed to have nothing to suggest. Even the rabbit was silent and inactive, and did not make any attempt to clear up the diffi-



"A GREAT EAGLE, CARRYING SOMETHING ON ITS BACK, BEGAN TO DESCEND."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

culty. But just as the prince began to be discouraged and to think help was never coming, a bird with red wings flew down near him. It had such a look of understanding that the prince ventured to address it in his own language. "Could n't you take a message," he said, "to the old woman of the woods? I'm

sure she could tell me what to do. Please ask her to send me a word of advice."

The bird spread its wings obediently and flew off, and the animals all nodded their heads sagaciously, as if they approved of this. In a few moments a flapping was heard above them; and a great eagle, carrying something on its back, began to descend, and this something, as it drew nearer, was discovered to be the little old woman herself.

"You had no business to send for me," she remarked rather sharply to the prince, "but I'll consent to help you out of your trouble just once, for the sake of getting rid of that nuisance of a parrot. Now listen." And she whispered in the prince's ear: "The only way to make it impossible for that bird to get away is to paralyze him by drawing a circle round him."

"But what shall I do it with?" the boy inquired. "I have not even a piece of chalk nor string. Besides, if it sees me trying any such thing, it is sure to fly away at once, before I finish."

The old woman would not say anything more.

"I shall not make any further suggestions," she declared. "All I can do is to tell you what is necessary. The animals must help you out." And with this she climbed on the back of the eagle once more, and rode away.

The prince was determined to make the rabbit bestir itself, as he began to grow impatient after his chase of the parrot. He went up and seized the little creature by its long ears, giving it a mild shake. Now came about a most curious thing. The head of the rabbit, ears, eyes, nose, mouth, and all, and its neck, slipped out of its body like the heads of the Easter rabbits made of plaster which are bought in the confectionery stores. From the hole that was left came forth a small head and face, then the rest of the body dropped away, and there stood a tiny man, smiling.

"You have set me free," he declared. "I am a fairy prince, who for disobedience to the king of the fairies was condemned to take the form of a rabbit until some human being should shake me out of it. I have power over the animals, and now that your touch has given me command of speech again, we will consult how

to get you out of this trouble. In the first place, we have to draw the circle round the parrot without its seeing what we are about. This will have to be managed very carefully, but I think the animals and insects can help us there. Wait and you shall see." And picking up the whistle, as it lay on the ground beside the rabbit-skin, he blew very softly on it.

The animals all crowded round him closely, and, to his joy, the prince found he could understand the little man as he spoke to them.

"Now," he said, "find me a snake and a spider. You," turning to the prince, "must engage the parrot in conversation."

This was not very difficult to do, as the bird was so ready with saucy answers that the prince could easily keep it talking to him and mocking him by pretending to coax it nearer. Meanwhile the snake and the spider arrived, and received their instructions from the fairy. The spider seated herself on the end of the snake's writhing tail, and as he crawled along unseen through the grass, she spun her web and threw it out behind them, thus drawing a delicate but very firm line round the tree where the sorcerer-bird sat. Suddenly they saw it puff out its feathers and draw up its eyelids as if ill; then, with a cry, it settled down on its perch; and as the prince crept up and gently laid the leaf across its back, the malignant sparkle died out of its eyes. Its magic power was gone.

The animals began leaping about in great joy; but just at this moment a hunter's horn sounded, and not far away. In an instant they were scattering in all directions. The foxes darted into their holes; the beavers made for a stream near by; the squirrel disappeared in the top of the nearest tree; the monkeys, with a chatter, swung themselves out of sight amid the green branches; the snake and the spider hid themselves securely in the grass. "Good-by, comrade!" called the fairy prince as he, too, vanished; and the mortal prince glancing down a sunlit path before him, saw his father's hunting-party approaching, the king riding ahead with an anxious face. The meeting between father and son was most joyful, and of course many explanations followed. Now that the parrot was reduced to a harmless bird once more, there seemed no reason for not keeping

it, though the prince resolved to put it securely into a cage on his return home.

The next question was how the wicked old man could be despoiled of his power as a sorcerer and worker of mischief. He had already, with his magic instinct, discovered the fact that the parrot could no longer be his slave, and was therefore planning some way to prevent the vengeance which he knew the king would execute upon him. But just before leaving the wood, the prince discovered that the fairy had dropped the whistle in his hurried departure. He picked it up and put it in his pocket, feeling sure that it would lead to an opportunity of seeing his little friend again; and that night, after returning to the palace, he determined to try what could be done with it. So, after nightfall, he slipped out into the moonlit garden by the spring, and blew it gently. In an instant the small man stood before him.

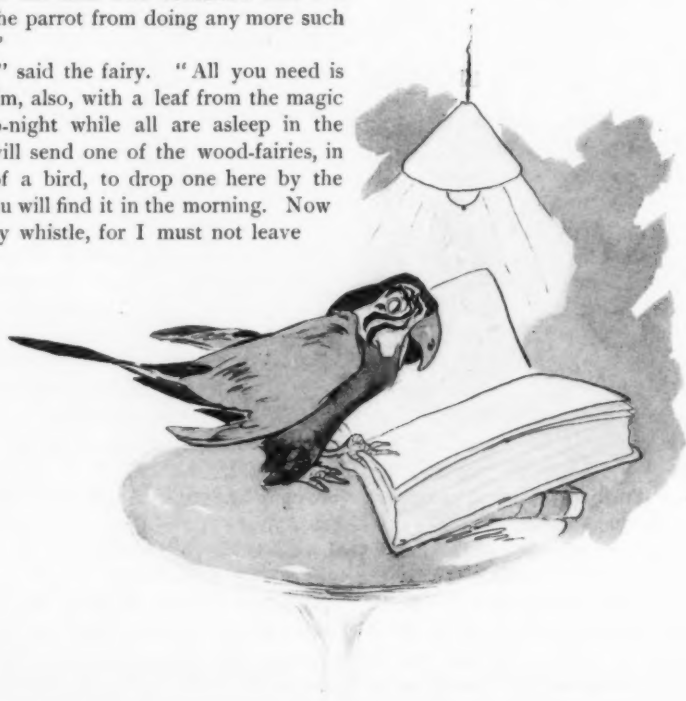
"Can you tell me," the prince asked, when they had greeted each other, "how we can prevent the old man who conferred that evil power on the parrot from doing any more such mischief?"

"I can," said the fairy. "All you need is to touch him, also, with a leaf from the magic palm. To-night while all are asleep in the palace, I will send one of the wood-fairies, in the form of a bird, to drop one here by the spring. You will find it in the morning. Now give me my whistle, for I must not leave

it in the hands of a mortal. Farewell!" And he melted into the moonlight before the prince's astonished gaze.

The next morning, there lay a large green leaf beside the spring. The prince carried it to his father, who sent a guard of soldiers from the palace to overpower the old man and touch him with it; and then, despoiled of his wicked faculties, he was brought before the king. He begged so hard to be allowed to return to his shop that the request was granted; but ever after a watch was kept on him, and the young prince, after his severe lesson, never allowed himself to be persuaded again to give water from the magic well to any of his father's subjects.

And what became of the unlucky parrot? It remained a very sulky bird, always mourning, apparently, over its lost gift; but as parrots are said to have extraordinarily long lives, and its death has never been announced, it may, to this very day, be a pet of some one of the prince's descendants. Who knows?



A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

It seems very sad	He carries a cane
That the March Hare is mad,	For fear it will rain ;
For he does such ridiculous things :	His whiskers he stiffens with starch ;
He stands on his head,	And it 's my own belief
And he dances in bed,	That he is a thief :
And he ties up his long ears with	For once the March Hare stole a
strings.	March !

MARCH





These March winds, which make the woods roar and fill the world with life and bustle, appear to wake up the trees out of their winter sleep and excite the sap to flow.—THOREAU in "Spring."

NATURE'S SLEEPING GARDEN.

THOSE who find pleasure in watching "the round of the seasons" regard spring as the beginning and winter as the end. From that point of view March 1 is the naturalist's New Year's day. Accordingly it seemed quite fitting that in February we should make our last study of the 1902 nature's garden—the "dried garden." This month we may look forward



NATURE'S SLEEPING GARDEN.

On beech-trees especially, and on some oaks and other trees, the dried leaves of last year's garden still cling to the branches. The beginnings of new leaves are well formed and packed in the cottony interior of the buds.

to the 1903 garden, that is even now in existence, though dormant and not readily seen.

As most young folks know, a seed is but a case, holding a miniature plant surrounded by some plant-food. This tiny plant is truly a little "sleeper," requiring only moisture and warmth and air to wake it up. Richard Jefferies, a famous English naturalist, even claimed that grains of wheat resemble a tiny man or woman asleep. He says in one of his writings:

If you will look at a grain of wheat you will see that it seems folded up: it has crossed its arms and rolled itself up in a cloak, a fold of which forms a groove, and so gone to sleep. If you look at it some time, as people in the old enchanted days used to look into a mirror, or the magic ink, until they saw living figures therein, you can almost trace a miniature human being in the oval of the grain. It

is narrow at the top, where the head would be, and broad across the shoulders, and narrow again down toward the feet; a tiny man or woman has wrapped itself round about with a garment and settled to slumber.



MUMMY-LIKE APPEARANCE OF GRAINS OF WHEAT. (ENLARGED.)

(Drawn by aid of a pocket-microscope.)



"SLEEPING"
ARBUTUS.

Naturalists like to speak of nature in winter as "sleeping." Thus Ernest Ingersoll, in his "Nature's Calendar" for January, says: "Nature is not dead, only sleeping, since its work is done for the present." He compares the

snow to a blanket: "The snow which now covers the earth plays a beneficent part to vegetation. It is like a blanket, keeping in the warmth, preventing excessive freezing of the ground, protecting it from a too rapid evaporation of its moisture, and by its occasional melting

The snug, globular flower-buds of the spice-bush are very conspicuous and pretty all winter.

contributing evenly to the soil the water stored in its glistening crystals. . . . The vegetable world, then, rests and sleeps in our January days."

Of February he says: "Nature is still resting and recuperating in the long sleep begun in De-



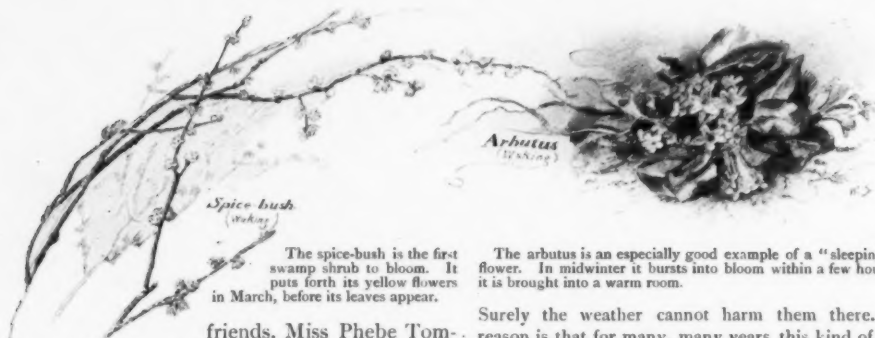
The fronds (last year's) of the Christmas fern, upright in summer, lie down for "winter sleep." See, in the lower right-hand corner of the illustration, the 1903 fuzzy "baby fronds" curled up like kittens.

cember, but the good that it is doing her we cannot easily see as we walk abroad, unless we make careful and continuous observations."

A remarkable example of plant-action resembling that of a sleeper is to be noted in the Christmas fern. The fronds stand up in summer, but lie down for the "winter sleep." This fact has been carefully noted by one of our grown-up



THE SLEEPING BROOK AND THE PLANT-SLEEPERS UNDER A BLANKET OF SNOW.



The spice-bush is the first swamp shrub to bloom. It puts forth its yellow flowers in March, before its leaves appear.

The arbutus is an especially good example of a "sleeping" wild flower. In midwinter it bursts into bloom within a few hours after it is brought into a warm room.

friends, Miss Phebe Tomkins Persons of Montclair, New Jersey, who writes to us, regarding this singular habit, as follows:

If one digs up a Christmas fern in the fall, and brings it into the house, he will be surprised to see how it changes as winter comes on. The leaves, which in summer grew up at all angles from the center of the cluster, droop down over the sides of the pot, till the whole plant looks as if ready to die. The leaves, however, are still green, and remain so all winter.

Out of doors we can find the Christmas fern growing in great plenty on wooded hillsides where there are few rocks and little underbrush. Here, too, we find the fern changing to a flat rosette, whose leaves fairly hug the ground in the winter-time.

At first we might think that this change was merely because cold weather caused the evergreen leaves to lie close to the warm ground for protection against the storms. But then, why do not the leaves keep on growing upright when we bring them into the house?

Surely the weather cannot harm them there. The reason is that for many, many years this kind of a fern has found it best to protect its leaves in this way, and a habit which all the Christmas ferns have grown into cannot be changed immediately when one single plant is given warm air all the year round.

In the leaves and flowers of the dormant bloodroot (and of some other spring flowers) there is yet another resemblance to the appearance of a sleeping person. The flower of the bloodroot is snugly wrapped in a leaf, and around both there is a thin white tissue—referred to in the botanies as "an infolding papery sheath or leaf-cloak."

But I know that any one of you young folks in the woods, finding this "sleeping" plant in its snug underground bed, would say:

"Why, that 's the nightgown!"

NOTE.—The illustrations in this article were drawn from photographs secured in midwinter.—E. F. B.



Alder-catskins.
"Pussy"-willows.

Skunk-cabbage.

Brook waking.

Underground view of
bloodroot.

THE BROOK, AND THE PLANTS ON OR NEAR ITS BANK, ARE THE FIRST TO "WAKE UP" IN MARCH.

HYLA TURNS PREACHER.

THE woods were as empty as some great empty house; they were hollow and silent and drear. I stood looking in among the leafless trees, almost discouraged at the quiet and gloom, when close at my side spoke a tiny voice. I started—so suddenly, so unexpectedly did it break into the wide December silence, so far it echoed through the forest halls.

"What!" I exclaimed, turning in my tracks and addressing a small brown-leaved beech. "What! little Hyla, are you still out, with a snow-storm brewing and old St. Nick due here to-morrow night?" And then from within the bush, or on the bush, or under the bush, or over the bush, came the answer, *peep, peep, peep!* small and shrill, which dropped into the silence of the woods and stirred it as three small pebbles might drop into the middle of a smooth wide pond.

Not a crow nor a jay nor a chickadee had heart enough to cheep. But little Hyla, the tree-toad, was nothing daunted. Since the last week in February, throughout the spring and the hubbub of summer on till this dreary time, he had been cheerfully, continuously piping. This was his last call.

Peep, peep, peep! he piped in February; *peep, peep, peep!* he piped in December. But did he?

"He did just that," replies the zoölogist, "and that only."

"Not at all," I answer.

"What authority have you?" he asks.

"You are not a scientist, but merely one of those dreaming, half-poet 'hangers-on' in the fields and woods who are forever hearing more than they hear and seeing more than they see. We scientists hear with our ears, see with our eyes, feel with our fingers, and



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WORLD ALL
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LITTLE HYLA,
SPEAKING OUT
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AND SILENCE,
CALLED CHEER,
CHEER, CHEER!"

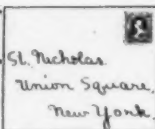
understand
with our brains."

"Just so, just so,"

I reply; "and you are a worthy but a pretty stupid set. Little Hyla in February, in June, and in December cries *peep, peep, peep!* to you. But his cry to me in February is *spring, spring, spring!* And in December?—it depends. For I cannot see with my eyes alone, nor hear with my ears nor feel with my fingers only. To-day I saw and heard and felt the world all gray and hushed and dreary, and little Hyla, speaking out of the death and silence, called *cheer, cheer, cheer!*"

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

? "BECAUSE WE
? WANT TO KNOW
? ? ? ? ?



TURTLE EGGS.

NOTTAWA, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live near the shore of a lake and have some questions to ask. I send you, in a little box, two eggs which I found on the bottom of the lake in about two feet of water. I found three of them not far apart, but there was no nest. Can you tell me what they are?



THE EGGS FOUND IN THE LAKE.

Last summer I saw a black snake in the water, swimming quite near shore. It was perhaps fifteen inches long and one and one fourth inches through in the largest part. It swam with its head out of the water. I cannot describe it very fully, but perhaps you could tell me

what it was and some of its habits. How does a snake swim in water?

I like the Nature and Science department very much, and always enjoy reading about animals, flowers, and insects.

Your friend and reader,

DONNA J. TODD.

In answer to this letter Professor F. A. Lucas says: "It is difficult to tell from the eggs themselves what species of turtle laid them, but it is still more difficult to decide the matter from a photograph. The eggs shown, however, are very likely those of the western painted terrapin, a near relative of our abundant painted turtle, *Chrysemys picta*. Of course the eggs being in the water was an accident.

"The water-snake was probably a small *Tropidonotus*, or *Natrix*, as I believe the genus now stands.

"Snakes swim just as they crawl, by throwing the body into a series of curves, and snakes that pass most of their time in the water, like the sea-snakes of the China Sea, have the en-

tire body thinnest from side to side, so that it gets a better hold on the water. And in these the tail is so flattened that it serves as a fin."

Our young folks will recall that the eel and other common fish are also thinnest from side to side because the curves in swimming are sidewise. But the common leech or "blood-sucker," often seen swimming in the pond, pool, or ditch, is thinnest from top to bottom, as its curves in swimming are up and down.

THE BASKET-CARRIERS, OR BAG-WORMS.

PARK HILL, YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We found last January, in one of our walks, what we thought was a cocoon hanging on a twig. It was made of a gray papery substance like a wasp's nest, covered with what I at first supposed to be little brown sticks. Later I found that they were hemlock needles. We put it in a vase with other twigs on the mantel, expecting to see a moth come out in the spring. But on coming home from school a few days later I was much surprised to see a mass of silky threads like a spider's web hanging from the end of the cocoon nearly to the floor, covered with a large number of very small "worms" (larvæ). We put the cocoons on a newspaper to examine the little "worms"; they seemed to be walking on their heads, and looked like tiny tacks upside down. I thought I saw one of them trying to

"WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS A COCOON."



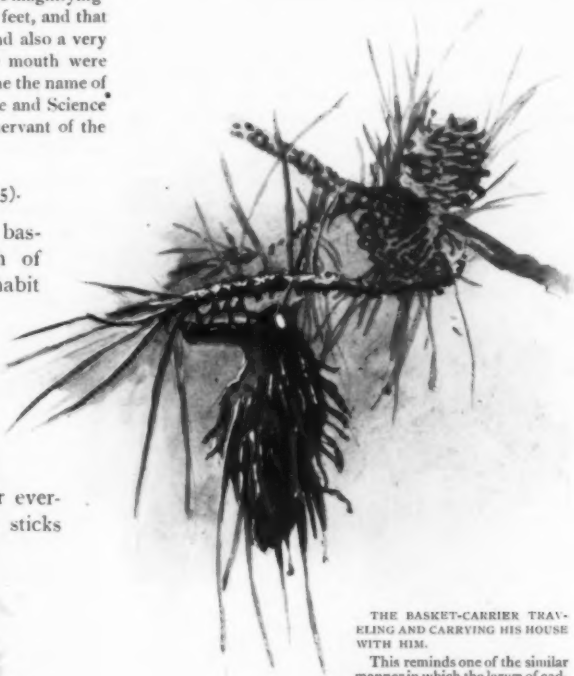
"THEY SEEMED TO BE WALKING ON THEIR HEADS, AND LOOKED LIKE TINY TACKS UPSIDE DOWN." (ENLARGED.)

eat the paper. When we looked through the magnifying-glass, we saw that they had three pairs of feet, and that the head was much larger than the tail and also a very much darker brown. The head and the mouth were like a caterpillar's. Will you please tell me the name of these strange little creatures? The Nature and Science department has made me much more observant of the wonders of nature.

Your interested friend,

MABEL M. JOHNS (age 15).

The insects you describe are the basket-carriers, or bag-worms. Each of these caterpillars has the curious habit of making a silken bag and covering it with little sticks. When the caterpillar desires to go from place to place, it pushes out the enlarged front end of its body, and travels along carrying its queer little house with it. Some varieties select any slender stick or evergreen leaves. Others select short sticks



THE BASKET-CARRIER TRAVELING AND CARRYING HIS HOUSE WITH HIM.

This reminds one of the similar manner in which the larvæ of caddis-flies walk around on the plants under water, and carry with them their "house" of tiny sticks, of bits of leaves, or of sand.

with blunt ends, so that the silken house has the appearance of a miniature woodpile.

Read the chapter "The Curious Basket-carriers" in William Hamilton Gibson's "Sharp Eyes." Look up the references under *Psyche* in the index of any book on insects.

A QUEER HOME FOR WASPS.

UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I had noticed that my hound would not go into his kennel, so I made him go in, but he came out with such rapidity that he nearly knocked me over. I had occasion to give the kennel a slight push, and a number of wasps flew out. I looked in, and in the roof was their nest, with a few of them still clinging to it. We knocked it down, and it was full of eggs. Don't you think it was a queer home?

Your interested reader,

RUTH MORSE TOWNSEND (age 8).

Yes; from your standpoint (and that of the dog!) it was a "queer home." But as the wasps viewed it, the protecting roof was built especially for them. They like such places.



SOMETIMES THE BASKET-CARRIER COVERS THE BAG WITH EVERGREEN LEAVES, SO THAT IT CANNOT BE READILY DISTINGUISHED FROM THE SURROUNDING BRANCHES.

PINE-CONES OPENED BY FIRE.

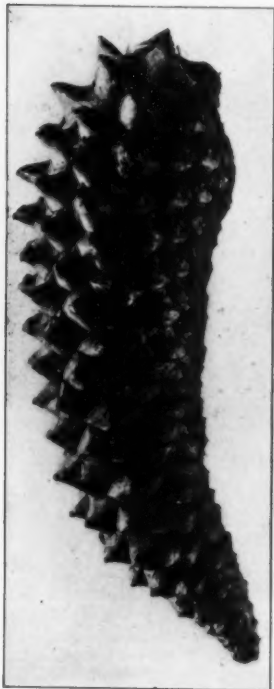
REDLANDS, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw the item in the Nature and Science about pines, so I thought that I would write

to you about some of the pines that they are setting out in the mountains near here. These pines are hard to burn, and so they are a very good covering for the mountains. Their cones also never drop off till exposed to heat. They then fall and open, starting a new forest on the place where the old one was destroyed by forest fires.

I will try to find a cone and piece of branch, but cannot do so until fall, as I am at the shore for the summer. As soon as I get it I will mail it to you. It is called *Tuberculata*.

Very truly yours,
EDWIN PARTRIDGE
LEHMAN.



THE CONE BEFORE IT WAS EXPOSED TO HEAT.

Some weeks later the following letter was received. A few days after that the cone arrived, and from photographs of it the accompanying illustrations were made.

REDONDA BEACH, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very glad to tell you that a cone of the *Tuberculata* pine will be sent to you soon. I wrote to a gentleman who has studied this cone, and he will send it when he can. He published an article on this pine in "Forestry and Irrigation," a periodical published in Washington. You can get it by applying at the American Forestry Association, Washington, D. C.

Yours respectfully,
EDWIN P. LEHMAN.

The following extract from the article in "Forestry and Irrigation" explains the peculiar characteristic of these cones:

When a fire sweeps through a grove, if severe, it kills the tree. The heat melts the resin with which the cone

is sealed, and the second or third day after the fire the winged seeds take flight and plant a far greater area than existed before. Thus after each fire the forest becomes dense, crowding together for protection, until at last they defy the fire, for where they grow so closely together as to occupy all the ground, they will resist fire. . . .

The report goes on to say:

It is found that the seeds in these long-closed cones are always in good condition, however old the cones. They seem to declare not only that this species of tree shall be its own survivor, but also that it may extend its dominion over other territory which has been cleared of trees.



THE CONE WITH SEEDS FALLING OUT.

After I had baked it in the oven of a gas-stove.—E. F. B.

CAT AFFECTED BY WHISTLING.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me what makes my pet cat dread whistling? The very softest and lowest whistling will wake him from a sound sleep. He will get upon his feet and lie down again, and then curl himself up, and keep up this uneasiness until the whistling ceases. He does not act this way when any one sings. Are other cats affected in this way?

Your interested reader,

MARY L. BRIGHAM.

It is impossible to answer the question positively, as such an effect may be due to any one of several causes. When the cat was a kitten it may have been badly frightened. Its persecutors may have been whistling just before or at the time of the so-called "fun with the kitten," and hence whistling brings back the associated fright. Early impressions are very enduring.

Shrill whistling has in most cases a more frightening effect upon a cat than upon a dog. Indeed, the dog is usually attracted and apparently pleased by whistling. A cat is also frightened more easily by any unusual sound than is a dog, probably because the cat is really a wilder animal than a dog. The cat returns to its original wild state more readily than does a dog.

On the other hand, dogs are affected by music more than are cats; perhaps because the cat in its original wild state was not accustomed to howls in musical chorus, as were the wolves, which it is now believed were the ancestors of dogs.

Find on your piano or other musical instrument the note or notes that harmonize with the dog's baying or the cat's mee-a-ow-ing. Then when these animals are in the house, strike these notes upon the instrument, and observe if the sounds affect them.

OUR SMALLEST FOUR-FOOTED ANIMAL.

ASQUAM FARM, HOLDERNESS, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you an animal which Francis caught in the snow in a runway like one of a field-mouse. At first we thought that it was a mole until some one said that it was too small to be one. While we were discussing it, it escaped, and one of the servants killed it.

We held an autopsy, and decided, on account of its rodent-like incisors, that it must be a field-mouse.

The fact that the gap between the molars and incisors was filled with teeth, however, made me still think that it was an insectivore; so I got out my books ("Four-footed Americans," Claus's Zoölogy, Nicholson's Zoölogy, and Jordan's "Vertebrates"), and found the nearest description to be that of *Blarina angusticeps* of the family *Soricidae* of the order *Insectivora*.

Please let me know if we are right. Why are the incisors so rodent-like?

ROGER S. HOAR.

FRANCIS S. CURTIS.

The specimen you send is the *Blarina brevicauda*, or short-tailed shrew. It is insectivorous, but will also eat field-mice, and will make short work of a white-footed deer-mouse—a somewhat larger animal.

You will find a technical account of shrews in "North American Fauna, No. 10," issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

There is a popular description of shrews in the first part of Chapter I ("Small Deer") of



SHORT-TAILED SHREW.

This picture of the shrew is nearly one half the length of the animal. Many of our young folks would be able to hide the entire animal in the closed hand.

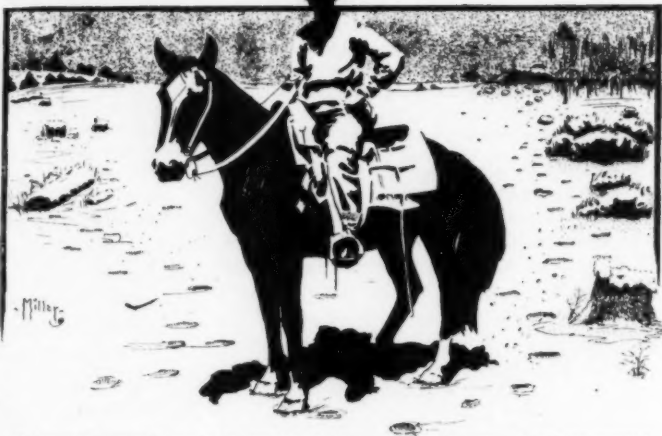
Ernest Ingersoll's "Wild Life of Orchard and Field." He states: "I remember very well the astonishment of a suburban housewife at finding a shrew, one morning, in a tin pail left out overnight. She had never dreamed that there existed so tiny a mammal, much less that it dwelt in her garden."

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

Blow, blow, ye winds! Blow
loud, blow long—
The storm's huzza, the winter's song;
Come over sea and hill and plain
And blow us back the spring again!

PERHAPS never since the League began have we been so anxious to welcome the spring. We have always loved the winter, and have been rather sorry to lose the cold, brisk days, the frozen rivers, and the hills of snow. We love winter now, when we have a warm room and a bright fire waiting at home. But that is just the trouble—the warm room this year has been harder to get, and many bright fires have been allowed to fade and blacken for the want of coal. Many of us have found it hard to get coal at any price. Most of us have been obliged to think twice before we piled the precious fuel upon the beautiful open blaze, that consumes it so rapidly before our very eyes. And some of us, perhaps, have not been able to get even enough coal to properly warm our homes. We have been brought to realize that "winter, with its brisk, invigorating air," is less beautiful without the cozy corner and the crackling hearth. We have remembered that to many it must always mean suffering, sorrow, and an added burden of toil. This winter, when even the well-to-do have felt the pinch of the frost, has made us think, and whatever makes us think and consider and remember is not without purpose, and must result in lasting good.

Once in so often the editor finds it necessary to explain that the word "original" on work means that it is *not copied from any other picture or story or poem or puzzle, but is the contributor's own idea, drawn*



"A WINTER SCENE." BY ALLEN GREGORY MILLER, AGE 17. (WINNER OF FORMER PRIZES.)

or written either from imagination or from life. We do not believe there is one child in a million that will intentionally break this rule, for not only have they too much honor to do so, but they must know that, with all the readers of the League, *discovery is absolutely certain.* The trouble is that some of our readers are careless, and do not read the rules. They are perhaps used to drawing from studies, or rewriting from their books for exercise, and think this is what the League wants. *The League does not want these things. It wants only originality—work of the imagination or done from nature.*

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 39.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **May H. Ryan** (age 13), Caliente, Kern Co., Cal.

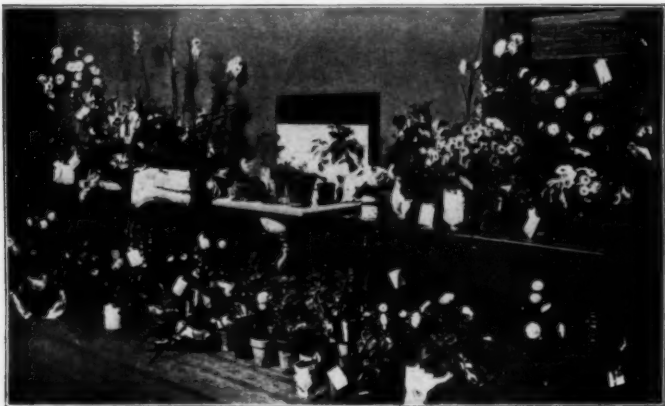
Gold badge, **Maud Dudley Shackelford** (age 13), 300 Main St., Tarboro, N. C.

Silver badges, **Harold Osborne** (age 12), Luzerne, Pa., and **A. Elizabeth Goldberg** (age 10), 348 Central Park W., N. Y. City.

Illustrated Verse. Gold badge, **Katharine Butler** (age 12), 168 Lafayette St., Salem, Mass.

Silver badges, **Marie Margaret Kirkwood** (age 15), "Durantwald," box 202, Nottingham, O., and **William C. Engle** (age 11), 885 Lake St., Forest Hill, Newark, N. J.

Prose. Gold badges, **Muriel M. K. E. Douglas** (age 16), 29 Holmwood Gardens, Streatham Hill, London, S. W., Eng., and **Mary C. Antes** (age 13), 1409 John St., Baltimore, Md.



"PETS." BY FLOYD GODFREY, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)



"PETS." BY EDWARD A. GILBERT, JR., AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

Silver badges, **Marjory Anne Harrison** (age 14), Villa La Lodola, Cabré Roquebrune, Menton, France, and **Thomas Folger Babcock** (age 9), 1216 Webster St., Oakland, Cal.

Drawing. Gold badge, **Elizabeth Otis** (age 14), Sherwood, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

Silver badges, **Arnold W. Lahee** (age 14), 152 Harvard St., Brookline, Mass., and **Florence Gardiner** (age 11), 5510 Wayne Ave., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Photography. Gold badges, **Floyd Godfrey** (age 14), 617 E. Locust St., Bloomington, Ill., and **Edward A. Gilbert, Jr.** (age 12), Santa Barbara, Cal.

Silver badges, **Gladys Bullough** (age 13), Meggernie Castle, Glen Lyon, Perthshire, Scotland, and **Donald Messer** (age 11), Garvanza, Cal.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Young Crows," by **Montrose Lee** (age 17), 2967 Pacific St., Omaha, Neb. Second prize, "Deer," by **Florence Spencer Stokes** (age 13), 5419 Wayne Ave., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. Third prize, "Squirrel," by **Joseph Rogers Swindell** (age 14), 111 W. 23d St., Baltimore, Md.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Mack Hays** (age 14), 3 S. Adams St., Petersburg, Va., and **Ernest Angell** (age 13), 495 Russell Ave., Cleveland, O.



"PETS." BY DONALD MESSER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

Silver badges, **Marion E. Senn** (age 13), Forestville, N. Y., and **Eaton Edwards** (age 13), 3406 Morgan Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Alice Taylor Huyler** (age 16), 118 State St., Hackensack, N. J., and **Hugh A. Cameron** (age 12), Sylvania, Pa.

Silver badges, **Margery Quigley** (age 16), 3966 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo., **George T. Colman** (age 14), 198 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y., and **Helen Marshall** (age 9), Nina, O.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY MAY H. RYAN (AGE 13).

(Cash Prize.)

AMONG my books I sit and dream;
Each title tells a tale to me:
Strange hours of time and lore they seem,
While countless folk, from fancies free,
A gorgeous, knightly, changing stream,
Pass by in brilliant pageantry.



"PETS." BY GLADYS BULLOUGH, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Legends that tell of long ago,
Of love and strife, of hopes and fears,
Of Lake Geneva's thousand snows,
Of wintry storm and summer tears,
The story of the Holy Land—
All this my mind and heart endears.

The Alpine hills, the blushing rose,
The Alpine mountain, tall and white,
That dazzles in the sunset glows,
With coronet of snow by night;
On Alpine heights my mind would roam,
But thoughts speed on with hurried flight.

Companions, must I say farewell,
And waken from my musing deep?
A land of thought is where I dwell,
A store of riches dear I reap;
Here in my land of books and dreams
Treasures secured from you I keep.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

(A Nonsense Verse.)

BY THEODORA VAN WAGENEN (AGE 12).

AMONG my books, on a wintry day,
I sit and read to my knee,
My feet on a hassock, my head on my neck,
And my arms where they ought to be.



"WINTER SCENE." BY ELIZABETH OTIS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

WITHOUT, the rain beats on the window-glass,
The earth is dripping 'neath a leaden sky,
And drearily the biting March wind wails,
As dismal daylight says its last good-by.

Within, the firelight fills the cozy room,
And warmth and comfort mock the bleak wind's
moan,
And dreamily I gaze into the fire,
Wrapped in my thoughts, in silence and alone.

Alone? Ah, no; about on every side
In tempting rows my volumes may be found;
They look into my face as though to say,
"Why should you sigh when
we are all around?"

"For though the dusk is dreary,
dark, and cold,
And o'er the sky flies swift the
starless night,
The damp and chill without affect
us not;
We ever wait to make a dark
eve bright."

And with a book, beside my warm
hearthstone,
I can defy the wind and cold
and rain,
And live in happy pictures of the
past,
Until the darkness calls me
back again.

And when black night rides
through the stormy sky
And howling wind and rain
have spent their power,
Then happily among my best-loved books
I while away the solitary hour.

A TYPICAL BRITISH HERO.

BY MURIEL M. K. E. DOUGLAS (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

THE story of Captain (now Major) Towse—"the blind V. C."—is one that will live forever in the annals of British military history.

It was during the late Boer campaign, at the fight at Mount Thaba, that he earned for himself the "little bit of metal" which is so dearly prized by the soldiers.

Captain Towse had enough to do to keep the men under his command steady, yet, on seeing a wounded comrade who was lying on the veldt exposed to the hot fire from the enemy, he dashed through a stinging rain of bullets, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued the man from death.

But the saddest part of the story is that, though the captain's life was spared, he was deprived of his eyesight; for both his eyes were shattered by a shot!

In spite of this, and though he must have been suffering uncontrollable agony, he never wavered; and his men, seeing that their leader "stuck to his guns" despite his terrible hurt, stood firm, and gave the enemy a splendid example of the stuff that British soldiers are made of.

Queen Victoria herself fastened the Victoria Cross on to the plucky hero's breast, and though he will never be able to see it, he is none the less proud of it.



"WINTER SCENE." BY ARNOLD W. LAHEE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY A. ELIZABETH GOLDBERG (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

BRIGHT leap the flames within
the grate,
Cold roars the wind outside;
Among my books I sit till late,
While happy hours glide.

One guides me far beyond the sea
Where dusky Hindus dwell;
Another seeks to interest me
In the famous Liberty Bell.

Each page is sure to have some way
Of finding hidden nooks,
Or telling what it wants to say
To me, among my books.

AN UNWILLING HERO.

(A True Bit of History not down in the Books.)

BY MARY C. ANTES (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

WHILE our ships were blockading Havana harbor in 1898, there was very little for the sailors to do after their daily drill, and they often amused themselves by catching sharks.

One day they caught an extra large one, and were about to kill it when some one suggested that it would be fun to fasten the shark to an empty air-tight barrel, and to see what it would do when thrown into the water. This was done, and an American flag with a stout little staff was firmly nailed to the top. Then they threw the whole overboard. Of course the shark immediately tried to go to the bottom; but as he could not draw the barrel under he became frightened and headed straight for Havana harbor with our country's flag proudly waving above him. The soldiers at Morro Castle were very much alarmed when they saw this mysterious object with the American flag on it. They thought it was some "infernal machine," and fired at it, but only succeeded in making the barrel go whizzing around and in frightening the poor shark so that he increased his speed.

It was not until it had come alongside of the Spanish ships in the harbor that the propelling power of the "infernal machine" was discovered. Then the hero who first carried our flag into Havana was shot.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY HAROLD OSBORNE (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

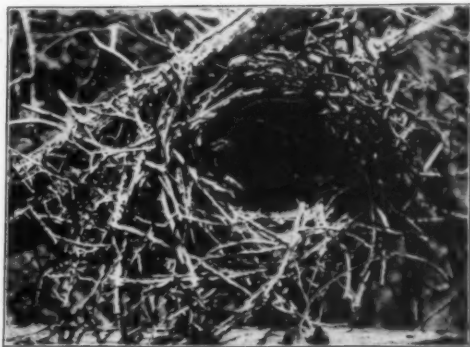
WHEN icy winds from northern seas

Are drifting snow upon the leas,
When Helios, his journey ended,
Has his bright car and horses tended,

An evening with a starless sky
Comes stealing slow and silently.

'Tis then the fire of anthracite
Within the grate glows doubly bright,

And puts me in a fitting mood
To sit and dream while none intrude;



"YOUNG CROWS." BY MONTROSE LEE, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

Secure from all of nature's ills,
I read "Snow Bound" among the hills.



"DEER." BY FLORENCE SPENCER STOKES, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"SQUIRREL." BY JOSEPH ROGERS SWINDELL, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

I see the farm-house old and rude,
Wreathed in a snowy solitude;
I see the household gathered there,
Without a thought of want or care,
And wish the One who reigns above
Might fill each home as full of love.

A HERO IN HUMBLE LIFE.

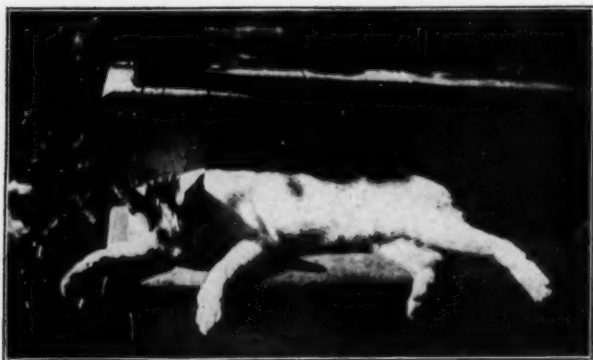
BY MARJORY ANNE HARRISON
(AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

THERE are many kinds of heroism, but it is not every one who is a hero in the way Fred Stone was; he was only a poor boy, about fourteen years of age, who lived in a dingy flat situated in the most squalid part of London.

If this boy was poor in position, he was none the less so in appearances, being endowed with innumerable freckles and a shock of red hair—I am quite justified in saying a shock, as his poor widowed mother had never enough money to buy either sufficient clothes or food, pence for hair-cutting being still more scarce.

Ever since Fred was eight years old he had hoped against hope to study engineering; but, unlike most ambitious young folk, for the sake of others he thrust all his own desires aside, and devoted himself to the housework, and the education of his little brothers and sisters. The eldest girl, who was two years his junior, was afflicted with spinal disease, and was compelled to



"OUR SLEEPY PET." BY J. L. HOFFER, AGE 17.

lie flat during her short lifetime, rendering her a burden to the family instead of a helper.

But now comes the bright side of my little story. When Fred was about sixteen he was able to attend the evening classes at the Free Technical School, owing to the fact that one of his sisters was old enough to take up part of the housework.

Before Fred was twenty he made a model engine for which he gained a prize of five pounds, and this welcome gift was augmented by another pound from a friendly baker who had known the boy through all his earlier struggles.

At one of the industrial exhibitions in Islington, Fred's handiwork was exhibited; he was so encouraged by his recent success that he worked steadily on, and in a few months' time was occupying a good position, earning enough money to keep himself, and to send part of it to his mother, whom he never failed to help in any way he could.

Although Fred did not endanger his life in any way, he was so unselfish and patient that I think he deserves to be called heroic; he was certainly rewarded for his unselfishness by a career that proved both long and successful.

A BOY HERO.

BY THOMAS FOLGER BAR-
COCK (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

ONE day I was out playing. I heard the fire-bells ring, and I went to the fire. When I got there the building was ablaze. The building had six shops in it. First there was a bicycle-store, next a paint-shop, next a creamery, next a stable, next a book-store, and above them all a boarding-house. The paint-shop burned the most. The creamery was burning inside very fiercely—the windows were crackling and breaking in the heat; and the stable was

pouring out smoke. In the crowd was a little boy. He happened to be looking at one of the windows and he saw a cat trying to get out. Nobody was going to help it. He ran up the ladder before anybody could stop him and brought down the cat. When he got down everybody cheered and whistled. I think he was a very brave little hero. It was on Christmas eve, 1901, in Oakland, California. This is a true story.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 10).

IN stormy days when skies are dark
And winds are high and strong,
I seat myself among my books
And read the whole day long.

I read in fairy-tales of gnomes,
And elves, and brownies bold,
Who from the highest branches swing
Their hammocks made of gold.

A REAL HERO.

(A True Story.)

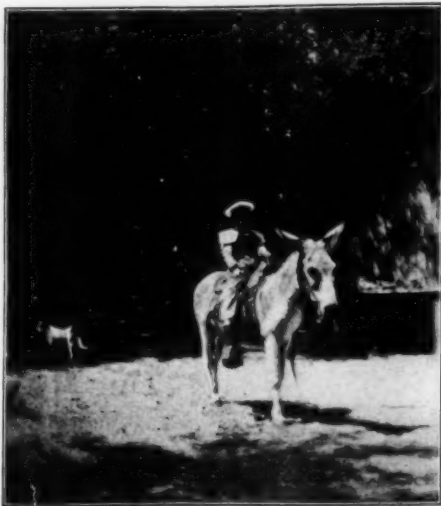
BY ELIZABETH PARKER (AGE 16).

MARGARET ALLEN was ten years old when she proved herself a hero, or, rather, heroine. She and her younger sister, Irene, were on the porch making daisy chains and discussing the latest style in doll millinery. It was near the close of a summer day, and "Rhoda," the cow, stood at the gate waiting impatiently to be let in.

"Rhoda acts so funny here lately," said Margaret, suddenly, interrupting Irene's remark. Irene glanced at the cow, who stood watching them with bloodshot eyes, while her tail moved nervously to and fro. "There's nothing the matter with her," declared Irene, after a moment's scrutiny. "Flies just bothering her," she added in a decided tone. "Maybe so," agreed Margaret, rather doubtfully; and returning to their daisy chains, the cow was soon forgotten.

A few minutes later Mrs. Allen, with her sewing, came out on the porch, and was made aware of Rhoda's presence by an angry moo. "That poor old cow!" she exclaimed. "I wonder how long she's been standing there?" Without waiting for an answer, she walked to the gate and, "Don't you hook me," she said, shaking her finger at Rhoda.

Margaret, sitting with her back to the gate, turned quickly as a cry from her mother was followed by screams from Irene. There on the walk lay Mrs. Allen, evidently knocked down by the cow, and strug-



"PETS." BY ROSALIE L. HOUSMANN, AGE 14.

gling in vain to get beyond reach of Rhoda's horns.

Without a moment's hesitation, Margaret ran down the path, and bestowed a savage kick on Rhoda's hind leg. The infuriated cow wheeled around and started after Margaret; but before she reached the child, Margaret had gained the porch, and, with a snort, Rhoda, now foaming at the mouth, ran with lowered head at Mrs. Allen. She had gained her feet, and was only a short distance from the porch, when Rhoda again knocked her down. Once more Margaret kicked Rhoda, and this time Mrs. Allen, nearly exhausted, reached the door just as Margaret gained the top step; and no sooner were they safe in the hall, with the door closed, than Mrs. Allen fainted.

Rhoda was pronounced mad, and soon afterward shot by one of the neighbors.

Mrs. Allen, though sick in bed for several weeks, was not seriously injured; and never will she cease to be proud of her brave little daughter, by whose presence of mind her life was saved.

A FELINE HERO.

BY MARGUERITE WILLIAMS (AGE 14).

SOME friends of mine who lived in Elmira owned a beautiful cat named Toby. They had brought him up from a kitten, and were very much attached to him.

Last winter they moved to Utica, and of course brought Toby with them. He slept through the journey in a strong box, from which he could not look out, as the only openings were a few air-holes.

Once settled in his new home, Toby seemed perfectly content, evincing no desire to wander away.

But one morning several weeks later, when Mrs. Byrd called him to give him his breakfast, he was nowhere to be found. The neighbors were questioned, advertisements put in the papers, and everything done to discover his whereabouts, but in vain. Toby was gone; where they did not know.

Mr. and Mrs. Byrd had despaired of ever finding him when, about a month after his disappearance, they received a letter from some friends in Elmira, saying that Toby had arrived there in a half-starved condition. The cat had traveled over a hundred miles to his old home, and after he had reached it, finding strangers there, had gone next door.

His master and mistress were overjoyed at finding their pet again, and had him sent back to them in a short time.

On his journey to Elmira, Toby had either to cross or go around a large lake, and I think it is wonderful that he ever arrived at his old home.



"OUR PETS." BY W. CALDWELL WEBB, AGE 7.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY DOROTHY RUSSELL LEWIS (AGE 14).

THE fire's ruddy glow turns all to golden,
Alighting with new tints familiar nooks,
As, dreaming in the arm-chair in the shadows,
I sit among my books.

Where once I saw the old and well-known figures
Of chairs and footstools ancient in their looks,
New visions seem to shapen out before me
When I'm among my books.

That weird blue flame that smolders seems to picture
The flash of metal on brave
Crusoe's gun;
That golden flame the
strange lamp of Aladdin,
With which he had
such fun.

That tall, gaunt shadow
looming in the dimness
Is one of those dark
Doones of Blackmore's
tale;
The myst'ry that surrounds
his awful figure
For years has made
men quail.

And look! This gleam of
scarlet here so near me
Must be the sash of sweet
Lord Fauntleroy
(I used to think it but the
table-cover);
His very name breathes
joy.

Thus romance tinges every-
thing with golden,

Alighting with new tints familiar nooks,
And I drift into pictured lands of glory
When I'm among my books.



"PETS." BY KATHERINE L. ORDWAY, AGE 12.

AMONG MY BOOKS.



Illustrated Poem.

BY MARIE MARGARET KIRKWOOD (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

SWEET land of dreams, I love to dwell amid your sylvan shades,
Where wandering knights do valorous deeds to rescue suffering maids;
'T is there that fairies play their pranks, and sweet-voiced minstrels roam,
Or sad-faced exile sits and weeps for his far-distant home.

Through branches green the sunlight creeps and touches all with gold—

Oh, 't is a wondrous world to me that can such beauty hold!

The air is clearer, flow'rs more fair, the butterflies more bright;

The very birds sing forth their hearts to greet the glad daylight.

King Arthur and his goodly knights, with each his lady fair,

Old Sinbad, jolly little Puck, and Shylock too are there.

I see them as they pass me by among the stately trees;

I hear their many voices borne upon the evening breeze.

So let me leave the dreary world with all its cares behind,
And mingle with this company, true happiness to find;
And all my little griefs must die amid this forest's nooks,
For all my greatest happiness I find among my books.

A MODERN HERO.

BY FLORENCE L. HAMM (AGE 13).

YOU must go to the farthest and dirtiest corner of Boston to find my little hero. But, I promise you, it is well worth the time and bother. This little boy never received a token from the people for his brave deeds; indeed, he is quite unknown. By day he works in a dingy cotton factory, and at evening, after a hard day's labor, he sits by his little lame sister and invents some new game, story, or picture to amuse her. Often it is a song, for this poor little factory boy has a very sweet voice. Perhaps you will not grasp the point—you will

not understand why I consider him a hero. Well, I will tell you.

There are many temptations laid in his way; but he always turns firmly away, remembering his dead mother's wishes.

Every night finds him in the house amusing his little sister and living in the way that he has chosen.

Let us hope that the angels of prosperity and happiness will take care of his little lame sister and himself through all the coming years.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH (AGE 11).

TO-NIGHT among my books I lie;
The lengthened shadows fall.
The screech-owl through the dark may cry—
I do not hear its call.

For now on Crusoe's isle I roam,
Where savage natives dine;
I see a footprint in the sand,
And wonder if it's mine.

And now to Wonderland I go,
After the rabbit white;
I see him scurry down the hole
And disappear from sight.

Now where the sunlight seldom gleams,
Where Maurice Thompson leads,
There where the snow-white heron dreams,
Deep in the dripping reeds.

With Marmion on his fiery steed,
Across the bridge I go,
Where the swift waters of the Tweed
In rippling silence flow.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

Illustrated Poem.

BY WILLIAM C. ENGLE (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

AT our house, in the attic,
I have a favorite nook,
And there on rainy days
I read my favorite book.

I've rigged up a book-shelf,
And scattered round the floor
Are volumes of St. NICHOLAS,
Which I read o'er and o'er.



"WINTER SCENE." BY MELTON R. OWEN,
AGE 15.



MY LITTLE BROTHER'S HEROES.

(A True Story.)

BY DOROTHY MCKEE (AGE 13).

My little brother has nearly always had a hero of some sort. One of the first ones that I can remember was a soldier. When we first went to England, it was about the time that the Boer war first broke out and all the troops were going to South Africa. A great many went away from the place where we lived, and music always accompanied them to the station. My brother is very fond of music, and I suppose that had a great deal to do with his liking soldiers. He was so fond of them that he obtained the name of "Colonel," which he still has.

His next hero, I think, was an "outside" porter. In England they have outside and inside porters in the stations. The outside ones fetch your luggage from your house, and the inside ones see to it in the station.

The next that I can remember was a London cab-driver. He thought they must make a great deal of money.

Another one was our man-of-all-work in the bungalow where we were staying for the summer. He said he should so much like to be his little boy; and he followed him about wherever he went.

One of the latest ones is a bus-conductor here in Dresden. There is a certain line consisting of thirteen busses which starts near our pension and goes to the river Elbe. He has a certain conductor and a certain driver in this line whom he likes very much. Every time we go into the bus where his conductor is, he (the conductor) begins jabbering away to my brother in German, of which he understands very little; and sometimes, as we go walking along the streets, we will hear my brother whistle, and, on looking up, see his bus-driver driving by. When he sees my brother his face always breaks into a broad grin.

His last one is a captain of a ship. My mother has often told him how nice the one was on the "Pennsylvania," the ship we came from America on, and he is looking forward to the voyage back very much, as he was so young when we came over that he does not remember as much about it as he wishes he did.

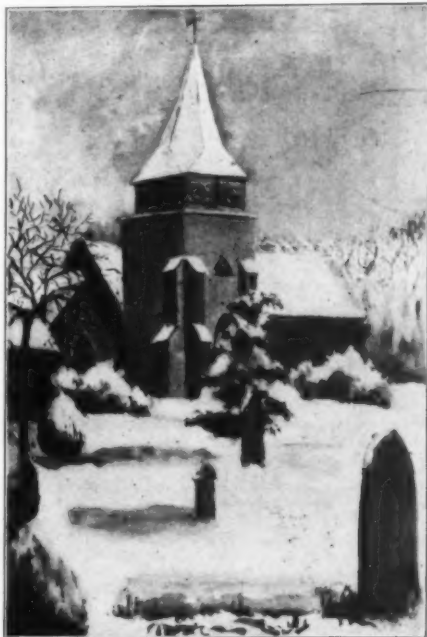
These are the most important of my six-year-old brother's heroes.

Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and instruction leaflet will be sent on application.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY THOMAS S. MCALLISTER
(AGE 16).

IN the stormy winter season,
when the snow falls thick
and fast,
And the house a shelter offers
from the whirling, raging
blast,
Then among my books I linger
—books of every name and
kind,
Suited to the different fancies
which invest the active
mind.



"A WINTER SCENE." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, AGE 14.

In the old arm-chair I ponder, thinking o'er the different sights
Which my books have placed before me in the long,
cold winter nights:
Books of travel, of adventure, books in Latin, French,
and Greek,
Which the teacher stern imparted to her pupils mild
and meek.

On another shelf before me,
standing packed in close
array,
Rest the standard works of Dickens,
which suffice for any
day;
Works of Cooper, Scott, and
Kipling, lives of men both
good and great—
Men who changed a nation's
history, famous men who
saved the state.

But there is another volume
which delights one much
the more,
In whose pages there is reading
fit for every clime and
shore.
Other books may please the
fancy, catch the eye, and
hold the mind;
But the equal of ST. NICHOLAS
one can never see or
find.

"A WINTER SCENE." BY JANET GOLDEN,
AGE 10.



ILLUSTRATED POEM. BY KATHARINE BUTLER, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, CHAPTER COM- PETITION No. 2.

CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENT COMPETITION No. 2 closed on January 3. A great many chapters took part, and the results were very satisfactory indeed. Without exception the proceeds have been devoted to most worthy causes, and those who took part may have the satisfaction of remembering that they have had a jolly good time themselves and that they have made others happy as well.

The following is the report of prize-winners in Chapter Competition No. 2:

First prize, \$50.00 worth of books to be selected from the Century Co.'s price-list, won by **Chapter 581**, the Ithanel Society of Ithaca, N. Y. Dramatic entertainment given for the benefit of the free kindergarten of Ithaca on December 13, 1902.

Total net sum realized, \$87.45.

The Ithanel entertainment was given on a very bad night, but in spite of this fact it enjoyed excellent patronage, and, with the people of Ithaca, may be congratulated on having done so well in so worthy a cause.

Second prize, \$25.00 worth of books to be selected from the Century Co.'s price-list, won by **Chapter 565**, the "Sugar Plum," of San Francisco, Cal. Entertainment and bazaar given for the benefit of St. Dorothy's Rest, the convalescent home for children, at Camp Meeker, Sonoma Co., Cal. The money is to be used to begin the erection of a cottage for little sufferers. It is to be called the "St. Nicholas League Sugar Plum Cottage," and its name will be over the door, burned into a large slab of redwood.

Total net sum realized, \$77.26.

The "Sugar Plum Chapter" has indeed expended its efforts in a good cause.

For years to come its members and their descendants will be glad to point out the pretty little cottage at Camp Meeker which they helped to build, and those who enjoy its blessing of shelter will not soon forget to whom their comfort is due. We wish they might be taught to sing the two merry little songs "Our Little Bazaar" and "Our Little Club," which were a part of the "Sugar Plum" entertainment.

Third prize, \$15.00 worth of books to be selected from the Century Co.'s price-list, won by **Chapter 507**, of San Francisco, Cal. Entertainment and fair given for the benefit of Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses of 3700 California St., San Francisco.

Total net sum realized, \$35.25.

Among other features of the entertainment given by this chapter were a grab-bag, fortune-wheel, notions, candy, sherbet, and lemonade booths; in fact, nothing was overlooked that would help to add to the receipts, and the California Street Children's Hospital is to be congratulated on having the support of their St. Nicholas League friends.

Fourth prize, \$10.00 worth of books to be selected from the Century Co.'s price-list, won by Chapter No. 421, of the Pomfret Centre School, of Pomfret, Conn. Receipts used to buy books for the school library.

Total net sum realized, \$37.20.

The Pomfret entertainment consisted of recitations, music, and dialogues, and was a most charming affair throughout. The Pomfret paper, among other good things, says: "Certainly teachers and pupils may be congratulated. Failure was a word not known among them."

Among other chapters who took part may be mentioned the "Young Invincibles," of Dixon, Ill., who realized \$20.75 from their entertainment, and are devoting the proceeds to the relief of the poor of Dixon. This chapter has purchased wood, coal, and food with its money, and has done great good.

Chapter No. 583, the "Four Leaf Clover," of Deseronto, Ont., also deserves praise. They gave a most entertaining dramatic performance, consisting of "The Unhappy Princess" and the "Ballad of Mary Jane." Their net profit was \$12.45, used for the relief of a poor family, three children and invalid parents. What a blessing to those needy ones! How welcome must have been their warm flannels and the Christmas dinner paid for by Chapter 583!

In conclusion we would say that every chapter that took part, however small may have been its returns, is to be congratulated on its effort. The results of well-doing cannot be calculated in dollars and cents, and no one can measure the benefit resulting from a good deed.

LEAGUE NOTES.

ELIZABETH L. ALLING, 199 Washington St., Gloucester, Mass., would like to exchange some Gloucester postal cards for those of some other city or country. She will write on them, if desired, or send the set (four) in an envelope.

May H. Ryan, Caliente, Kern Co., Cal., would enjoy correspondence with a chapter in Scotland or England, the former preferred.

Ruby Taggett, secretary, sends us a beautiful copy of the Annual Programme of the "Daughters of the Wixson Club," organized in 1900.

Imogen Stiles, 44 South Sixth Ave., La Grange, Ill., desires to correspond with a Japanese girl who can write English, or an American girl living in that land of flowers.

Nina Roberts, Morrow, Ohio (age 16), desires a correspondent in England or Australia.

Mary E. Hatch, 668 Washington St., Brighton, Mass. (age 13), desires a correspondent about her age in Texas and Arizona.

Litta Voelcher, Manitowoc, Wisconsin, has six photographs of scenery that she desires to exchange with League members. The size of the pictures is $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$.

A great many of our old friends are slipping away from us these days. The weeks will pass and the months and years will go, and



"PETS OF LORD BURTON." BY C. B. ANDREWS,
AGE 17.



"A WINTER SCENE." BY ALICE J. GOSS, AGE 15.

bring the eighteenth birthday, beyond which there are no League competitions. Many have asked for a grown-up competition; but, as the editor has said before, the world has many competitions for those who have left behind the pleasant land of childhood.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

WOOSTER, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been in our family for seven or eight years, and are one of our most loved magazines.

I used to live in Bogotá, Colombia, but in April we came here to this land. I am a native of Colombia, but yet I consider myself an American.

Ever since your lovely and successful League began, I have wished to become a member myself. I sent two letters and two stamped envelopes at different times from Bogotá, but I suppose they were lost on account of the revolution that is going on there.

When we came from Bogotá we had a delightful trip. We were five weeks on the journey. The sea was calm and everything as pleasant as could be.

I am so interested in your League. I like to look up the names of the different ones that compete.

I left a good many of my dear bound volumes of the ST. NICHOLAS, and I miss them ever so much. I have had them with me ever since I can remember. I must not make this letter too long, and close, hoping that the League will ever be as good and bright and charming as it is now. Ever your reader,

ELISA CANDOR.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you ever since I can remember. I think the League is lovely.

Last summer we took a trip through Nova Scotia. At Halifax we saw the citadel and the rocking stone. The soldiers wear their hats on one side. Sunday

we went to the church where the soldiers go. At Annapolis we saw them making shoes.

At Wolfville we went to see the Evangeline willows and the Evangeline beach. At Parrsboro we went to Blomdon.

Your reader,
HELEN BARTON.

NORTH ABINGTON,
MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much surprised to read my name in the list of prize-winners. I was so glad that I ran all over the house, telling every one I could find the good news. It is the first prize I have won since I have been a League member, but I hope it will not be the last.

I was very much inter-



"WINTER SCENE." BY MARJORIE BETTS, AGE 13.

VOL. XXX.—60.

ested to see that two sisters and their friend had each won five dollars also.

Thanking you ever so much for my check, I remain,
Your best wisher,
FRANCES BENEDICT.

BOYDTON, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Because I have been somewhat slow in thanking you for the lovely badges sent me, there has been no lack of gratitude and appreciation in my heart.

My gold badge has been a great source of joy and pride to me ever since it came: it is more dear to me than the silver badge, I think, because I know I worked harder on the poem that won it for me than on the other.

It is one of my most pleasant hopes that I will some day meet other badge-winners, and talk over our League days, for I guess we will be over eighteen then.

Gratefully,
ROSE C. GOODE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My friends and I are very much interested in the chapters of the League. We have formed a club which we call A E I O U. There are five members; Secretary, Julia Ketting; I am President.

We would like to join the chapter competition, and, if possible, in time to take part in the next one.

We are all very much interested in the League department, and would feel like we had lost a friend if we could not read about it.

Hoping we may soon be able to boast of being a chapter, I remain,
Sincerely yours,
CATHERINE STAFF.

NAUGATUCK,
CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years, and I love you so much!—especially the League and the long stories. I read ST. NICHOLAS clear through, from cover to cover, just as soon after it comes as I possibly can, and I am sure I derive more pleasure and benefit from it than any of the other magazines that I read.

I am thirteen years old, and am in my second year in the high school, and I have to work pretty hard out of school, for some of our instructors are very exacting, and if one has n't one's lesson at the tip of one's tongue, one has the doubtful pleasure of returning after school hours for the sole purpose of reciting that lesson correctly. However, I will not use up my energy outside of school to tell what we do in school, but will pass to a pleasant topic, that of pets.

We have a very pretty cat which came to us not long ago. He is a tiger, and is the prettiest marked tiger-cat that I ever saw. We have no dogs, but the dog who belongs to one of our neighbors was usually be found somewhere about. He is a Scotch collie, and is a very pretty puppy,—for he is a mere puppy,—and we often have a great deal of fun with him. He is very good-natured, and is seldom seen fighting (though often playing) with other dogs. Hoping to see this published, I am your loving reader,

RUBY C. KNOX.

Other League letters will be found in the Letter-box.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY GERTRUDE E. WILCOX (AGE 13).

If I am tired and weary,
And wish for love and cheer,
I do not go to other friends,
But to my books so dear.

I like to read ST. NICHOLAS
Better than all the rest;
Although I think it all is fine,
I like the League the best.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published if space had permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Floy De Grove Baker
Gertrude E. Wilcox
Marcia Louise Webber
Doris Franklyn
Alice MacLeod
Louise T. Preston
Lula M. Larrabee
Wynonah Breazeale
Eleanor Taylor
Irwin Tucker
Sara M. Snedeker
Annette Osborne
Dorothy Eyre Robinson
Dorothy Stott

VERSE 2.

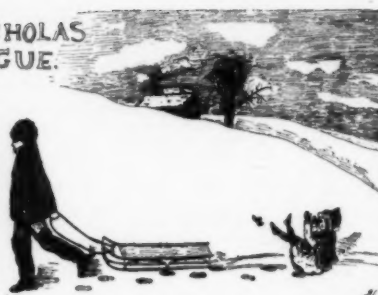
Ralph M. Crozier
Rose C. Goode
Ethel Pickard
Virginia Jones
Dorothea Williams
Odette Growe
Edwina L. Pope
Amelia V. Godwin
Marvin E. Adams
Harriette Irene Baer
Walter I. Barton
Ellen Dorothy Bach
Gladys Adams
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Gladys Crockett
Marion Lane
Eleanor Myers
Marion Prince
Lucy A. Barton
Abigail E. Jenner
Anna Constance Heffern
Robert Lawrence Wheeler
John Love
Gertrude E. Ten Eyck

DRAWINGS 1.

Loulou Sleet van Oldri-
tenborgh
Melville Levey
Marion K. Cobb
Richard A. Reddy
Geraldine Noel
Julian Tilton
Charles A. McGuire, Jr.
Joseph W. McQuirk
Phoebe Wilkinson
Winifred B. Warren
Caroline Latzke
Samuel Davis Otis
Margaret McKeon
Carl Gamertsfelder
Hazel Ferguson
Mary Clarke
Gilbert P. Pond

DRAWINGS 2.

Grace Leadingham
Emily Grace Hanks
Sam R. T. Very



"WINTER SCENE." BY FLORENCE GARDINER, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Nelly Nice.
Edgar Pearce
Marion L. Herrick
Elizabeth R. Scott
Susie Fleming
Charles Heaton Fulton
Mary Evelyn Foley
Alice Wigley
Gladys Young
Edith G. Daggett
Walter S. Davis
Emilie C. Flagg
Sally Williams Palmer
Edith A. Roberts
William Whitford
Edna Youngs
Chester W. Wilson
Clarissa Rose
Margaret Lautz Daniell
Mabel Clark
Ethel Lewis
Woodburn E. Remington
Margaret J. Russell
Elizabeth Chapin
Edwards Williams
Charles Richardson
Lucile Ramon Byrne
Mary Myers
Dorothea Clapp
Ethel Messervy
Harold Helm
Katharine C. Browning
Edith Sturtevant
Emma Dickerson
Margaret F. Nicholson
Howard Robinson
Ralph Balcom
Everett Williamson
Herbert O. Sauer
Hattie L. Hawley
Phoebe Wethely
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Katherine Goodwin Parker
E. Wilson

Grace R. Jones
Anne Gieves
Constance Horner
Ellen H. Rogers
Raymond Patterson
Lucy Porter
Frances C. Jeffery
Margaret Patton
Mary Evelyn Kavanagh
Dorothy Williams
Eleanor Cabot
Prescott Wright
Della Strong
Mary Klauder
Josephine Stimpson
Marjorie L. Gilmore
Ruth Adams

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Samuel Robbins
Clarence L. Hautaway
Orland Greene
Irene F. Wetmore
Marion D. Freeman

Effie K. Baker
Fitz John Porter
John S. Perry
Margaret H. Faunce
Margaret C. Phillips

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Reynold A. Spaeth
Eleanor R. Hall
Justin R. Weddell
Edna S. Lyon
Philip Roberts
Florence R. T. Smith
Kenneth D. Van Wagner



"WINTER SCENE." BY MARGARET JOSEPHANS,
AGE 11.

Louise B. Sloss
Christine Graham
William Herbert Murphy
Adelaide B. Montizambert
Jerome Coudrey
James Ludlow Raymond
Jennette W. Langhaar
Lawrence B. Lathrop
Joseph S. Webb
John Leo Lilienthal
Francis James
Irving Babcock
Mildred D. Woodbury
Edith Hillis
Simon Blumenfeld
T. Sam Parsons
Charles Ford Harding
Mildred S. Rives
Philip H. Bunker.

PROSE 1.

Dorothy McKee
Kathleen Carrington

Edith Emerson
Marjorie Patrick
Joseph C. Aub
Isabel H. Noble
Eunice Fuller
Howard Rumsey
Elsie E. Flower
Yseult Parnell
Julia Wright McCormick
Byrona Benet Boyd
Zenobia Camprube Aymar
Jessie Wilcox
Elizabeth Foulds
Charles McGhee Tyson
Louise E. Seymour
Alice Rogers
Virginia Clark
Susy Fitz Simons
Stuart Griffin
Greta Wetherill Kernan
Sue Barron Emmerson
Mary Effie Lee
Louis Edwards
Renee Despard
Jessica Biddle
David MacGregor Cheney
Louis F. May
Irene Kavin
Charles P. Howard
Eva Moldrup
Elizabeth Spies
Augusta L'Hommedieu
Mary E. Hatch
Dorothy Caldwell
Emily Browne
Emily Mildred White
Claudius F. Beatty
Katharine J. Bailey
Dorothea Clara Morse

Alice O'Meara
Mabel Fletcher
Frances G. Reed
Esther G. Tomkins
Annie Erickson
Mary Beale Brainerd
Mary C. Scheinman
Helen Becker
Gretchen Neuburger
Richard K. Grant
Don H. Davy
Herrick H. Harwood
Mildred Newmann
Ruth Andrews
Michael Heidelberg
Dorothy Culver Mills
Helen Janet Smith
Gladys Gaylord
Kenneth Kennicott
Pauline Anderson
Isabella D. Strathy
Edwina Macneven
Maria E. Wood
Kathleen Soule
Mary S. McDermott
Bennie Blascowsky
Arthur J. Goldsmith
Doris Weiss
Vita Sackville West
Carl U. Perkins
Pringle McCraven
Leland R. Hallock
Emelyn Ten Eyck
Donald Ferguson
Mildred Stanley Fleck
Esther Galbraith
Susan W. Wilbur
Dorothy G. Thayer
Bennie Hasselman

PUZZLES 1.

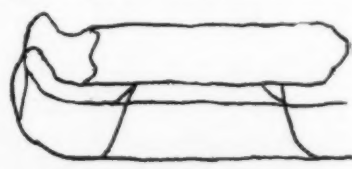
Lucille Rosenberg
T. Lawraon Riggs
Alice D. Karr
Donna J. Todd
Martha Nickerson
William Ellis Keyser
Elizabeth Clarke

PUZZLES 2.

Lita Voelchert
Isabel Blue
Angela Hubbard
William D. Crane
Wilmot S. Close
Clarence A. Sutherland
Florence Short
Marjorie Murphy
Gertrude H. Schirmer
Katharine A. Page
Helen Andersen
Marion H. Wheelton
Winifred Hemming
Niece Howard
Albert E. Stockin
Howard Hosmer
Rachel Rhoades
Alexander Cadwalader
Emily Sibley
Raymond Preston
Carla Glasgow
Dorothy Davis
Bruce Peters

PROSE 2.

Earl D. Van Deman
Margaret E. Sayward



"SLED." BY ALFRED POND, AGE 7.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 601. Marjorie Holmes, President; Grace Anderson, Secretary; five members. Address, 14 W. La Rua St., Pensacola, Fla.

No. 602. Judith Wilkes, President; Lucile Du Bose, Secretary; five members. Address, 526 Villa St., Nashville, Tenn.

No. 603. "C. C. C." Margaret Kendall, President; Marjorie Osborn, Secretary; seven members. Address, 11 Oliver St., Watertown, Mass.

No. 604. "Rosebud Circle." Elsa Fueslein, President; Kitty Ford, Secretary; six members. Address, 351 East 77th St., New York City. Meetings every two weeks.

No. 605. Oscar Thorup, President; Walter I. Brown, Secretary; eight members. Address, 9 Parker St., New Bedford, Mass.

No. 606. "Vine Leaf Club." Caridad Sanchez, President; Consuelo Salazar, Secretary; seven members. Address, 13 9th Ave., S., Guatemala City, Central America.

No. 607. "Theatrical Chapter." Annie C. Goddard, President; Elisabeth S. Duryee, Secretary; six members. President's address, 273 Lexington Ave., New York City. Would like to correspond with a foreign chapter or with one in a Western State. Members about 12 years old.

No. 608. "Evening Game Club." George Dale, President; Frank Norris, Secretary; six members. Address, 60 Algoma St., Oshkosh, Wis.

No. 609. "Sweet Locust." Pauline Anderson, Secretary; two members. Address, 364 Boyer Ave., Walla Walla, Wash.

No. 610. "Busy Bees." Dorothy Thayer, President; Marguerite Emery, Secretary; five members. Address, State St., Portsmouth, N. H.

No. 611. "Mystic." Frank Stanlake, President; Gertrude Wilcox, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, West Branch, Mich.

No. 612. "Lasting Friendship." Elsie Stark, President; Mabel Schanck, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 70 Grove St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 613. "Paul Revere." Dennis Murray, President; Sylvester Murray, Secretary. Address, 172 Endicott St., Boston, Mass.

CHAPTER NOTES.

THE chapter at Terre Haute, Ind., has five members. It is called the A E I O U. Julia Kettering, No. 2040 N. 12th St., is secretary.

A literary chapter named "The Daisy Club," with Mary Cramer as president, and Marie Huey secretary, has been organized in St. Louis.

Chapter No. 418 has elected new officers, and calls for three badges.

Chapter No. 449 has recently added three new members.

Chapter No. 470 is now located at Valencia, Spain, and the members intimate that they will redouble their efforts on taking an interest in the work, which hitherto has been lagging, owing to interruptions incident to travel.

The "Vine Leaf Club," Guatemala City, Central America, sends us a beautiful card wishing all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS a merry Christmas.



"WINTER SCENE." BY VERA E. CLARK, AGE 14.



"WINTER SCENE." BY DELMAR G. COOKE, AGE 14.



BY JACK BELLINGER, AGE 9.

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 41.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 42 will close **March 20** (for foreign members **March 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **June**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title to contain the word "Rose" or "Roses."

Prose. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title, "My Favorite Character in History."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Waiting for Spring."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Heading for June" and "From Nature."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

TO OUR PRIZE-WINNERS. THE prize-subscriptions won in the competitions announced in this department cannot be ordered until we have had word from the winners naming the issue of the magazine with which the prize-subscription should begin. Otherwise you, being already subscribers or buyers, might receive duplicate numbers. No matter if you are already a subscriber; your name can be put down for the next year as well as for the present year, since it is only a matter of noting the date. So, when you win a prize, be kind enough to write *promptly* to the editor of the Books and Reading department stating the month and year with which your prize-subscription should begin. The decision upon the "Twelfth Night" competition will be printed in the April number.

YOUR OWN READING. WHO will send us a list of the books read during 1903, so far? We should like to know what books you are actually interested in at present. Send in only those of some little importance, naming authors and titles, and adding short comments where the titles are not well known.

DISCUSSING BOOKS. SEVERAL correspondents have written approving the suggestion that we discuss in this department, by means of letters, the merits of certain well-known books for young people. You may remember that Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies" was named as a book about which there seemed to be a difference of opinion among good authorities. We shall be glad to have your views upon its value, expressed briefly, and shall print any letters that are worth that notice.

Meanwhile a young correspondent wishes to hear your opinions on "Alice in Wonderland." She writes: "I have met many girls who don't like this book, and I wonder how many ST. NICHOLAS readers will say so too"! She mentions other books, but they may be put aside for the present at least, especially because they are really novels for adults. She must remember how many of our readers are

too young to be interested in these. Another bright correspondent is anxious to bring even Dickens's works before the tribunal. She writes: "I have heard a friend of mine say that she 'could n't understand how any one could take Dickens as a favorite writer.' For her part, she thought 'David Copperfield' positively vulgar and not at all humorous." But our correspondent also names "grown-up novels" as proper subjects for our attention, and we therefore say, again, we wish to confine our attention to books for young people. So please let us hear your views upon "Water Babies," "Lamb's 'Tales from Shakspeare,'" or "Alice in Wonderland." Do you like them or dislike them? And why?

SPECTACLES OR KALEIDOSCOPES. SOME books remind one of spectacles. They are meant to aid us to see the world and its inhabitants more clearly and with better understanding. They help us to use our own eyes with better effect, so that we shall not make mistakes. Others show us nothing but an amusing set of ever-changing pictures, and meanwhile take our attention from the outer world. Both serve a good purpose, and therefore neither is to be despised. May we carry this comparison of books with optical instruments still further? The "telescope" books, for example, bring before our view things that otherwise would be beyond our powers; such are the books about foreign lands or bygone times and peoples. With the microscope may be compared those books that help us to see into things otherwise too small or too unusual to attract attention. But what sorts of literature can we compare to the spectroscope, the theodolite, the prism, or, if it be properly an optical instrument, the photographic camera? The camera obscura, at least, might be compared to journals and periodicals that reflect for us scenes from life. Let us try to name a book in each class. Perhaps one of Thoreau's or Burroughs's volumes would do for a "spectacles" book; "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Little Lame Prince" might be called "kaleidoscope" books; Hawthorne's

"Note Books" and some of Bayard Taylor's travels are "telescope" books; many nature-study books are "microscope" books, and we may name Sir John Lubbock's "Bees, Ants, and Wasps" as an example. For the spectroscope, "Robinson Crusoe" is not a bad example, since, just as the spectroscope helps men to see what forms the light of a spectrum, so "Robinson Crusoe" helps us to see what is forming the character of the castaway, who, by his hard times on the island, is changed from a heedless boy to a thoughtful, useful man. The theodolite helps engineers to lay straight lines and so to plan out work; books of reference in the same way are scientific instruments to keep us from making errors.

But this is perhaps a little too far-fetched for our younger readers.

A FIRST READING.

WHEN artists are about to make a drawing or painting, it is usual for them to begin with what they call a "composition sketch"—a rough outline that will give the general action of their figures. In this sketch no attention is paid to small things; their object is to get the main movement, the motion and action and idea, strongly indicated. Afterward, in adding details, the artist takes care not to lose these strong lines.

In first reading one of the good poems or books that we hope to re-read many times, we may take a hint from the artists' method. Let your first reading be for the purpose of a general broad view of the book. Never mind the little things. Keep thinking of the whole story, of the main characters, of the happenings that mean most to the plot. In this way you will get hold of the substance—of the plot; and when you read the work again you can add to these the smaller matters. Books read in school should be read in this way. To stop carefully at every small difficulty makes any book tiresome, and, what is worse, makes it hard to understand. All this refers, of course, to books really worth some care in the reading.

JACK AND JILL.

WHO will look up for us the old story that is preserved in the Mother Goose rhyme about Jack and Jill and the pail of water? Many of these rhymes are the remains of old poems or folk-lore stories, as is well known, and our

young readers would be glad to hear some of them. Dick Whittington and his cat also have a most interesting history; and Jack the Giant-killer has been known, in one way or another, for many centuries. Students of folk-lore find many interesting bits of information that young readers would be glad to hear. At least, they can tell us where these are stored away, so that we may read them for ourselves.

A TEST OF THE BEST BOOKS.

IT has been wisely said, "A good book improves on acquaintance. A bad book does not. This is a valuable test." Does not the same rule apply to your companions? The meaning of this bit of wisdom will not be wholly plain to you unless you notice how much is meant by the word "*improves*." It is not enough that you like a book at once, and find no reason for disliking it when it is taken up again. Many a fair book will stand that test. The best books *improve*. That is, you find more in them each time they are read. At first you may see that the story, the plot, is interesting. Next you may find that the characters are well drawn; then that the language is good—the words excellently chosen and well arranged. Another reading may show you that the book contains good advice, and so on. You can never entirely squeeze all the value out of the best books. Some of them have been feeding mankind for ages, and seem as full as ever. No one knows just how long ago the poems of Homer were first recited, and they are not yet considered fit only for the lumber-room. The Bible is one of the oldest and yet it is still the most influential of books, even considered as literature alone.

THE PRIZE TOPIC.

As a variety this month, we shall offer books for prizes. For the best three accounts of your "Favorite Place for Reading" three prizes will be awarded, the first prize to be any book or books published by the Century Co. to the value of \$3.00; the second to the value of \$2.00; the third to the value of \$1.00. The accounts must be by readers of ST. NICHOLAS not over eighteen, and must be received on or before March 15, 1903. Address, Books and Reading Department, ST. NICHOLAS, Century Co., Union Square, New York City. Illustration by drawings or photographs is permitted.

THE LETTER-BOX.

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS a letter from Vita V. Sackville West. I have been in the castle in which she lives, and played in the big attic with her. This was last May, when I was in England.

As we drove up to the castle there were some deer feeding in front of it. I came home in June after being abroad four months, and enjoyed getting you each month while there very much. Good-by.

W. G. RICE, JR.

MONTREAL, QUE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was delighted to get my badge. I think it is lovely. I am going to tell you about something that happened this summer. We live on an island on Lake Huron in Canada. One day it was blowing so hard that the water was taken up and went right through the air—*drifted*, the fishermen called it. We had an Indian boy and girl as servants up there. We like them, but they have to sleep on the mainland, which is about half a mile from our island.

My father was going to sail them over to the mainland (the wind was not so strong then), and he got them over all right, but when he started to come back the wind had come up tremendously.

But he thought he would sail with the jib alone, and when he tried to turn at the dock he could not, so he drifted past. Soon the jib all tore to pieces, and he could get no other sails up.

The next island to us was about half a mile away, and he tried to make that, but he did not. Then he went behind another island, and we did not see him for a long time, so we got quite worried. At last we saw him, and he was on an island about three miles from ours.

Soon a whole lot of boats with Indians in went to get him; the wind had gone down a little then.

When he got home, "wet through," he told us that the part of the island he had got on to was a cliff, and he was clinging to the cliff and trying to push the boat off when a huge wave took it and lifted it right out of the water so that it barely missed his face. The Indians expected, as a matter of course, to be invited to dinner, which was a picnic one.

Your interested reader,
MARGARET ARMSTRONG.

NEUCHÂTEL, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In a very few days it will be two years that I wrote to you for the first time, asking to be made a member of the League. And now that I have had the privilege of belonging to it for comparatively so short a time, I come to thank you for your kindness to me in awarding me all the prizes.

In two days I shall be eighteen, so this is probably the last time you will hear of your Swiss member. I would so much have liked to contribute this month, and had planned to send you advertisements; but I am so very busy that I have not been able even to think of anything.

I have already told you so many times, dear, dear ST. NICK, but I must say it once again, for the last time, your League has been the cause of real progress in my drawing. When I look at what I did two years ago and at what I do now, I attribute to you the greatest part of the change. And I shall never forget what a stimulant you have been for me. When I first began contributing,

I decided that I *must* at least have one of my drawings printed, if I did not get a prize; and since I have had all prizes, my only desire has been to do better, and show you that it was not only for the sake of recompense that I worked, but that the work itself was a recompense and a pleasure to me. But now, dear ST. NICK, the time is come I have to say good-by. A very sad good-by it is, and I am very vexed with myself for having got *old* so quickly, and not having been able to enjoy you longer. Believe me,

Your ever loving and grateful Swiss League member,
YVONNE JÉQUIER (age 17 years and 363 days).

Good luck to you, ST. NICHOLAS! And may you live always for the joy of children and even of old members like me!

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for about four years, and like you very much. I wait anxiously every month for you to arrive, and then I am deaf to everything else but my dear ST. NICHOLAS. I am very much pleased with your long stories, and I think that they are a fine plan. One of the first things that I always look at is the League.

I wish so that I might become a member! I would be so glad if I only could. I would try so hard to win a badge, as I am sure that they must be very pretty, and I would be so proud to wear it.

I do so hope that I may become a member, and I am sure that I will do my best. Please write me soon and let me know if I am welcome. And now I close, dear ST. NICHOLAS. Your interested and devoted reader,
OLIVE STEVENS.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The receipt of your beautifully designed badge has been a great honor to me, and I thank you many times for it. I shall continue to contribute to the League, and shall always be delighted with its rapid progress. Very sincerely yours,
MARGARETE MÜNSTERBERG.

MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sorry not to have written to you sooner, to thank you for my cash prize, but I have been unable to write.

The thanks that I feel cannot be written.

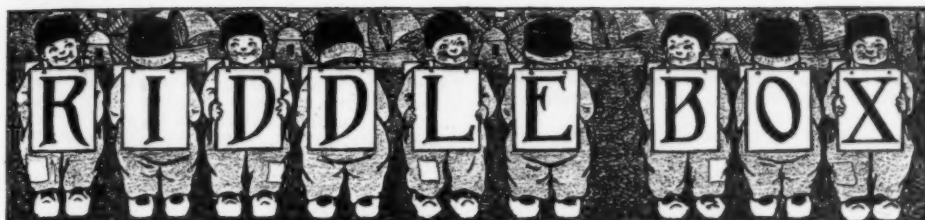
Let me only say that I thank you a thousand times, for now I can say that I have *all* your prizes, a privilege indeed!

I only feel regret that I cannot compete any more, but I shall watch for the League each month as eagerly as before.

I owe all the success that I have had to you, dear Saint, and thanking you again for all the prizes, and wishing you health and prosperity for ever and ever,

I am yours truly,
HILDA B. MORRIS.

Other interesting letters have been received from Ethel Woods, Morgan Spaford, John Bacon, Agnes L. Peaslee, Martha Wascher, W. Caldwell Webb, Philip S. Ordway, Hazel Harper, Chandler W. Ireland, Priscilla Lee, Mary Blossom Bloss, Eleanor Houston Hill, Levis W. Minford, Jr., Marguerite E. Wilson, Francis Marion Miller, Edwina Hurlbut, Gladys Brown, Hannah T. Thompson, J. M. McCraven, A. Maude Fulmore.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Valentine. 1. Valentine. 2. Bacchanal. 3. Allegoric. 4. Alleviate. 5. Canonical. 6. Advantage. 7. Alleluiah. 8. Appellant. 9. Attenuate.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Washington. 1. Draw-er, ward. 2. Tra-de, art. 3. Mus-ic, sum. 4. Sah-ib, has. 5. Kni-fe, ink. 6. Reven-ue, never. 7. Nig-ht, gin. 8. Part-ed, trap. 9. Revo-ke, over. 10. Pan-ic, nap.

REVERSIBLE PUZZLE. Roosevelt. 1. Straw, warts. 2. Pools, sloop. 3. Stops, spots. 4. Assam, massa. 5. Sleek, keels. 6. Revel, lever. 7. Peels, sleep. 8. Melas, Salem. 9. Seton, notes.

MUSICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

O lofty voice unflinching!
O strong and radiant and divine Mozart,
Among earth's benefactors crowned a king!

MAIL-BAG PUZZLE. Christmas. 1. Canon. 2. Choir. 3. Coral. 4. Chair. 5. Calls. 6. Caste. 7. Camel. 8. Cabal. 9. Sable.

HIDDEN TREES. 1. Dis-fig-ure. 2. Overh-elm-ed. 3. Palm-istry. 4. Thr-ash-ing. 5. Re-pine. 6. Im-peach-ed. 7. Sub-lime. 8. Ap-pear-ance. 9. Af-fir-m.

DIAGONAL ZIGZAG. James Russell Lowell. 1. Jessamine. 2. Amplitude. 3. Festivity. 4. Shrubbery. 5. Grosaness. 6. Traveling. 7. Flotillas. 8. Furbelows. 9. Personnel. 10. Satirical.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Second row, downward, Longfellow; fourth row, upward, Evangeline. 1. Alter. 2. Point. 3. India. 4. Agile. 5. Often. 6. Ledge. 7. Pliny. 8. Allah. 9. Solve. 10. Tweed.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from "M. McG."—Alice T. Huyler—Daniel Milton Miller—Joe Carlada—Alil and Adi—"The Thayer Co."—Edward McKee Very—Edgar M. Whitlock—Margery Quigley—Allen West—Esther, Clare, and Constance—Elizabeth Q. Boller—Ramona Crampton—"Chuck"—"Johnnie Bear"—Laurence T. Nutting—George T. Colman—Carolus R. Webb—Hugh A. Cameron—Helen Marshall.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from E. Fitzgerald, 4—Anna MacKenzie, 2—E. L. Kaskel, 1—K. Gordon, 1—A. M. Ross, 1—No name, Turner's Falls, 4—E. Anderwood, 1—"Marlborough," 9—W. Baker, 1—Amelia S. Ferguson, 9—Oswald Reich, 2—Margaret C. Wilby, 9—Dorothy Davis, 3—Marian Swift, 9—Wilmot S. Close, 4—Gracie L. Craven and Jacob Roblyer, 9—Louis Greenfeld, 6.

BOX PUZZLE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1	.	.	.	2
3	.	.	.	4
		7	.	8
5	.	.	.	6
		9	.	10

FROM 1 TO 2, to delight in; from 3 to 1, a personal pronoun; from 3 to 4, to burn with a hot liquid; from 4 to 2, a measure of time; from 3 to 5, shadow; from 4 to 6, compact; from 5 to 6, the after song; from 7 to 8, stretched; from 7 to 9, a pronoun; from 8 to 10, to raise; from 9 to 10, a decree; from 3 to 7, to repose on a seat; from 4 to 8, a river of Scotland; from 6 to 10, to devour; from 5 to 9, before.

MACK HAYS.

DIAMOND.

1. In honey. 2. Part of a boat. 3. Beneath. 4. A festival day. 5. A Scandinavian god. 6. Pale. 7. In honey.

H. F. TURNER (League Member).

TRIPLE CURTAILINGS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

THE initials of the words described will spell an annual holiday.

1. Triply curtail a specimen and leave a masculine nickname. 2. Triply curtail delicate and leave a number. 3. Triply curtail dangerous and leave risk. 4. Triply curtail molests and leave a feminine name. 5. Triply curtail contemplative and leave an idea. 6.

Triply curtail a house and leave to live. 7. Triply curtail mental and leave understanding. 8. Triply curtail usual and leave habit. 9. Triply curtail relations and leave gentle. 10. Triply curtail to call and leave amount. 11. Triply curtail dire and leave horror. 12. Triply curtail to empower and leave a writer. 13. Triply curtail submissive and leave to give way.

MARION E. SENN.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

1	.	.	4
.	*	*	.
.	*	*	.
3	.	.	2

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To grow dim. 2. To dwell. 3. Part of a wheel. 4. Certain.

From 1 to 2, to kindle; from 3 to 4, edge; from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 (eight letters), home.

ELIZABETH A. GEST (League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals spell the name of an important female character in one of Dickens's novels, and my finals spell the name of an important female character in one of Scott's novels.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A place of noise and confusion. 2. A name mentioned in 1 Chronicles xii. 20. 3. A spring flower. 4. Meeting with good fortune. 5. A name mentioned in Judges i. 31. 6. In what place. 7. A fluid that supplied the place of blood in the veins of the gods. 8. Having comparatively little weight. 9. The bottom of a room. 10. Beyond what is usual. 11. An inhabitant of Rome.

CLARA MCKENNEY (League Member).

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell the subject of a March tradition.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Fumed. 2. Freight. 3. Advanced. 4. A small rodent. 5. Pertaining to the moon. 6. Tired. 7. To forerun. 8. Spacious. 9. A United States coin. ERNEST ANGELL.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the above objects have been rightly named and written one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous son of Poseidon. Designed by

JAMES WHEATON CHAMBERS (League Member).

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

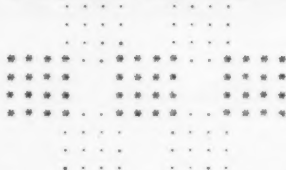
1. BEHEAD and curtail to lament, and leave a pronoun.
2. Behead and curtail cripples, and leave object.
3. Behead and curtail a deep plate, and leave a verb.
4. Behead and curtail parts of the body, and leave elevated.
5. Behead and curtail fairy implements, and leave a conjunction.
6. Behead and curtail is under obligation to, and leave a pronoun.
7. Behead and curtail frightened, and leave anxiety.
8. Behead and curtail tangles, and leave a word expressing refusal.
9. Behead and curtail to obstruct, and leave a common article.
10. Behead and curtail a thorn, and leave to fasten.
11. Behead and curtail a present, and leave a conjunction.
12. Behead and curtail a pitcher, and leave a pronoun.
13. Behead and curtail finished, and leave to forfeit.
14. Behead and curtail to discover, and leave a preposition.
15. Behead and curtail matter finer than air, and leave a

common little word. 16. Behead and curtail supports and leave lineage. 17. Behead and curtail a fortified place, and leave a conjunction. 18. Behead and curtail to intimate, and leave within. 19. Behead and curtail annoyed, and leave comfort. 20. Behead and curtail strikes with fear, and leave a pronoun. 21. Behead and curtail to oscillate, and leave to triumph.

The twenty-one little words will form a four-line stanza.

ADDIE S. COLLOM.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.



UPPER SQUARES: I. 1. To overthrow. 2. A tropical plant. 3. To fly aloft. 4. Weird. II. 1. To cry aloud. 2. One time. 3. A measure of land. 4. To exhale.

MIDDLE SQUARES: III. 1. A companion. 2. The inhabitant of an Eastern country. 3. A tropical plant. 4. Black. IV. 1. A period of time. 2. Comfort. 3. A continent. 4. To gather. V. 1. To strike with the foot. 2. A metal. 3. To arrive. 4. Comprehended.

LOWER SQUARES: VI. 1. Close. 2. A famous mountain. 3. Certain insects. 4. A coarse file. VII. 1. A place of recreation. 2. In a little while. 3. A famous city. 4. A joint of the body.

WOOD BRIGGS (League Member).

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

THE words described vary in length. When they have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a noted statesman.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One who scatters seed. 2. Intimate associates. 3. An article of furniture. 4. An edible shell-fish. 5. A door-fastening. 6. Following the exact words. 7. A mistake. EATON EDWARDS.

FALSE COMPARATIVES.

EXAMPLE:

A meadow; an unhappy king;
A pronoun; fed by mountain spring.
Answer, Lea, Lear; me, mere.

1. A timber sawed; a guest who pays;
A sentence stern; the flag we raise.
2. A medicine; a column grand;
To suffer pain; a piece of land.
3. A mite; the quality of rue;
A rootless plant; an easy shoe.
4. Appointment high; and anger keen;
A door; a shoe but seldom seen.
5. A wager; something more than good;
A rug; a substance, as of wood.
6. A spice; a plant with blossoms sweet;
A nod; a leafy, cool retreat.
7. A rattling noise; a fine repast;
A wrap; a playful frisking fast.
8. An animal; to crouch in fear;
Allow; a message often dear.
9. The mail; an advertising sheet;
A boy; a mount for nimble feet.

MARY ELIZABETH STONE.



A REVERIE.

Drawn by G. E. Senseney.